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THE
REPOSITORY:
A SELECT COLLECTION
OF
FUGITIVE PIECES
OF
WIT AND HUMOUR,
IN
PROSE AND VERSE.
BY THE MOST EMINENT WRITERS.
THE THIRD EDITION.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N:

Printed for C. DILLY, in the POULTRY.

M.DCC.XC.



THE
FRIBBLER IAD.

Fæmina, Vir, Neutræ.

PUL. in HERMOPH.

First printed in the Year 1761.

VOL. II.

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BE it known unto you, gentle or ungentle reader, that the author of the following poem is a volunteer in the service, or rather a poetical knight-errant, who, according to the oath taken at the late installation, is *exhorted and admonished* (by Apollo to be sure) *to use his sword in defence of all equity and justice to the utmost of his power*. His brother Quixote, of immortal memory, tried his prowess upon Sheep and Windmills—Our champion does very near the same; and calls forth to the field an *unknown* knight, who has the formidable X, Y, Z, in his train.—And, that he may not be thought to engage with too great odds on his side, he opposes to them his own *three trusty squires*, A, B, C, who are resolved to stand by him, and fight all the weapons through, from Epic Poetry to Epigram, as long as there is a letter left standing in the English alphabet—and now, Mr. Churchill may know that there is

— A Quixote of the age will dare

To wage a war with dirt, and fight with air.

When the aforesaid *unknown* knight shall please to appear with his *beaver up*, he may expect that our adventurer will shew *his face* too.—In the mean

time, we will divert him in our turn with a little *bush-fighting*, which he has been endeavouring to entertain the town with for more than a twelve-month past.

It is therefore proper to inform thee, reader, for as yet perhaps thou hast not heard of it, that there is a certain weekly paper, called the *Craftsman*, still existing, if it may be called existence to crawl about from week to week, and be kept alive by those last resources of hungry ingenuity, falshood and defamation. In this said paper, a certain gentleman, who subscribes himself X, Y, Z, a volunteer too in the service, has thrown about his dirt in a most extraordinary manner, and has attacked our Stage Hero, with unwearied malevolence, both in his public and private character; but, indeed, his rancour being too much for his wit, he has let his heart indulge itself at the expence of his head, and has most imprudently made assertions, in the bitterness of his spirit, which can be contradicted by every attender upon the theatre.—It would be endless, and out of place here, to point out his want of taste, and even common truth, in his account of the manner of Mr. Garrick's speaking and acting in his various characters; of his most ungentlemanlike, as well as unjust, abuse of his person, voice, age, &c. &c. &c.; for there is no kind of meanness, as Montaigne well observes, that a true malignant spirit will not descend

ADVERTISEMENT.

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scend to.—To give one instance among a thousand of his upright intentions—This worthy gentleman, Mr. X, Y, Z, not content with exposing his impotent malice weekly to the publick, was at the pains and expence to collect his papers into one volume*, and even send them to some of Mr. Garrick's friends, lest the obscurity and disreputation of the paper, in which they first made their appearance, should have kept his malice totally a secret—The Reviewers gave their sentiments of this curious collection in the following manner—

“ These are the overflowings of spleen, ignorance, conceit, and disappointment.” *Crit. Rev.* Jan. 1761.

“ The design of publishing these *important* pieces of criticism is, to prevent the *sad misfortune* of their sinking into oblivion with a last year's news-paper. If we believe the author, all the praises that have hitherto been given to Mr. Garrick, as an actor, are so entirely without foundation, that “he never did, “nor never could, speak ten successive lines of “Shakespeare with grammatical propriety.” This is an assertion so contrary to the opinion of many better critics than this author shews himself to be,

* The title of which was, “An Enquiry into the “real Merit of a certain popular Performer; in a “Series of Letters, first published in the *Craftsman*, or “*Gray's Inn Journal*, with an Introduction to David “Garrick, Esq.” 8vo.

and in reality so opposite to truth, that it is alone sufficient to invalidate all his reasonings upon the subject." *Monthly Rev. Dec. 1760.*

It would take up too much time at present to exhibit our hero X, Y, Z, in all his proper colours: we shall leave that task to a much abler hand, who will very soon more fully detect and expose him and his designs *.—But to return to our poem—
It

* This was soon after executed in the following severe character, drawn by Mr. Churchill, of the hero of this poem, first inserted in the eighth edition of *THE ROSCIAD*:

“ With that low cunning, which in fools supplies,
And amply too, the place of being wise,
Which Nature, kind indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave;
With that smooth falsehood, whose appearance charms,
And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears friendship’s mask for purposes of spite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
With that malignant envy, which turns pale,
And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
With the cold caution of a coward’s spleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
What’s basely done, should be done safely too;
With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,
Which, dead to shame, and every nicer sense,
Ne’er blush’d, unless, in spreading vice’s snares,
She blunder’d on some virtue unawares;
With all these blessings, which we seldom find
Lavish’d by Nature on one happy mind;

A mot-

ADVERTISEMENT.

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It may properly be called an *Iliad* in a *nut-shell*;
for, though it does not consist of many more than

A motley figure, of the fribble tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,
Came simpering on; to ascertain whose sex,
Twelve sage impannel'd matrons would perplex.
Nor male, nor female; neither, and yet both;
Of neuter gender, though of Irish growth,
A six-foot suckling, mincing in his gait;
Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate;
Fearful *it* seem'd, though of athletic make,
Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake
Its tender form, and savage motion spread
O'er its pale cheeks the horrid manly red.

Much did *it* talk, in *its* own pretty phrase,
Of genius and of time, of players and plays;
Much too of writings, which *itself* had wrote,
Of special merit, though of little note,
For fate, in a strange humour, had decreed
That what *it* wrote, none but *itself* should read;
Much too it chatter'd of dramatic laws,
Mis-judging critics, and mis-plac'd applause;
Then, with a self-complacent jutting air,
It smil'd, *it* smirk'd, *it* wriggled to the chair;
And, with an aukward briskness not his own,
Looking around, and perking on the throne,
Triumphant seem'd, when that strange savage dame,
Known but to few, or only known by name,
Plain Common Sense, appear'd; by Nature there
Appointed, with plain Truth, to guard the chair.
The Pageant saw, and blasted with her frown,
To *its* first state of nothing melted down.

Nor shall the Muse (for even there the pride
Of this vain nothing shall be mortified);
Nor shall the Muse (should fate ordain her rhimes,
Fond pleasing thought! to live in after-times)
With such a trifler's name her pages blot:
Known be the character, the thing forgot;
Let *it*, to disappoint each future aim,
Live without sex, and die without a name!"

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four hundred lines, it contains all the essential epic properties—the plan, sentiments, character, diction, moral, metre, and even the heroes themselves, all in miniature.

The following epigram, printed in the Ledger, was the corner-stone of the whole, and furnished us with ideas of the redoubted Fizgig, the Achilles of the Fribbleriad—

To X, Y, Z.

Indeed most severely poor Garrick you handle,
Not bigots damn more with their bell, book, and
candle;

Though you with the town about him disagree,
He joins with the town in their judgement of thee:
So dainty, so devilish, is all that you scribble,
Not a soul but can see 'tis the spite of a Fribble;
And all will expect you, when forth you shall
come,

With a *round smirking face*, and a *jut with your bum*:

If X, Y, Z, is really such a thing as here represented, he is most welcome to the honour we have done him; if he is *not*, he may thank his own malignant disposition, that made it natural to suppose, that such poor spite could proceed from no one, who was not, in his person, manners, mind, and heart, an arrant FRIBBLE.

THE

THE FRIBBLER IAD.

WHO is the Scribbler X, Y, Z?
Who still writes on, though little read?

Whose falshood, malice, envy, spite,
So often grin, yet seldom bite?

Say, Garrick, does he write for bread,

5

This *friend* of yours, this X, Y, Z?

For pleasure sure, not bread—'twere vain

To write for that he ne'er could gain:

No calls of nature to excuse him,

He deals in rancour to amuse him;

10

A *man*, it seems—'tis hard to say—

A *woman* then?—a moment pray—

Unknown as yet by sex or feature,

Suppose we try to guess the creature;

Whether a *wit* or a *pretender*?

15

Of *masculine* or *female* gender?

Some things it does may pass for either,

And some it does belong to neither:

It is so fibbing, flandering, spiteful,

In phrase so dainty, so delightful;

20

So fond of all it reads and writes,

So waggish when the maggot bites;

Such

10 THE FRIBBLERIAD.

Such spleen, such wickedness, and whim,
It must be *woman*, and a *brim*.

But then the learning and the Latin ! 25

The ends of Horace come so pat in,
And, wanting wit, it makes such shift
To fill up gaps with Pope and Swift,
As cunning housewives bait their traps,
And take their game with bits and scraps ; 30
For playhouse critics, keen as mice,

Are ever greedy, never nice ;
And rank abuse, like toasted cheese,
Will catch as many as you please.
In short, 'tis easily discerning, 35

By here and there a patch of learning,
'The creature's *male*—say all we can,
It must be something *like* a man—

What, like a man, from day to shrink,
And seek revenge with pen and ink ? 40

On mischief bent, his name conceal,
And like a toad in secret steal,

There swell with venom inward pent
Till out he crawls to give it vent ?

Hate join'd with *fear* will shun the light, 45
But *bate* and *manhood* fairly fight—

'Tis manhood's mark to face the foe,
And not in ambush give the blow ;

The savage thus, less man than beast,
Upon his foe will fall and feast, 50

From

From bush, or hole, his arrows send,
To wound his prey, then tear and rend;
For fear and hatred in conjunction
Make wretches, that feel no compunction.

With colours flying, beat of drum, 55
Unlike to this, see Churchill come!

And now like Hercules he stands,
Unmask'd his face, but arm'd his hands;
Alike prepar'd to *write* or *drub*!

This holds a *pen*, and that a *club*! 60

A club! which nerves like his can wield,
And form'd, a wit like his to shield.

"Mine is the Rosciad, mine, he cries;
Who says 'tis not, I say, he lies.

To falsehood and to fear a stranger, 65

Not one shall fear my fame or danger;

Let those who write with fear or shame,

Those Craftsmen-scribblers, hide their name!

My name is Churchill!"—Thus he spoke,

And thrice he wav'd his knotted oak: 70

That done, he paus'd—prepar'd the blow,

Impartial bard! for friend and foe.

If such are manhood's feats and plan,

Poor X, Y, Z, will prove no *man*.

Nor male, nor female?—then on oath 75

We safely may pronounce it *both*.

What! of that wriggling, fribbling race,

The curse of nature, and disgrace!

That

12 THE FRIBBLER IAD.

That mixture base, which fiends sent forth
To taint and vilify all worth— 80

Whose rancour knows nor bounds nor measure,
Feels every passion, tastes no pleasure ;
The want of power all peace destroying,
For ever wishing, ne'er enjoying—
So smiling, smirking, soft in feature, 85
You 'd swear it was the gentlest creature—

But touch its pride, the *lady-fellow*
From sickly pale turns deadly yellow—
Male, female, vanish—fiends appear—
And all is malice, rage, and fear! 90

What in the heart breeds all this evil ?
Makes man on earth a very devil ?
Corrupts the mind, and tortures sense ?
Malignity with impotence.

Say, Gossip Muse, who lov'st to prattle, 95
And fill the town with tittle-tattle—
To tell a secret such a bliss is !

Say for what cause these Master-Misses
To Garrick such a hatred bore,
That long they wish'd to pinch him fore ; 100
To bind the monster hand and foot,
Like Gulliver in Lilliput,

With birchin twigs to flay his skin,
And each to stick him with a pin?—
Are things so delicate, so fell! 105
Can Cherubims be imps of hell?

Tell

THE FRIBBLER IAD. 13.

Tell us how spite a scheme begot,
 Who laid the eggs, who hatch'd the plot :
 O sing in namby-pamby feet,
 Like to the subject, tripping neat ; 110
 Snatch every grace that fancy reaches ;
 Relate their passions, plottings, speeches ;
 You, when their PANFRIBBLERIUM sat,
 Saw them conven'd, and heard their chat :
 Saw all their wriggling, fuming, fretting, 115
 Their nodding, frisking, and curvetting ;
 Each minute saw their rage grow stronger,
 Till the dear *things* could hold no longer ;
 But out burst forth the dreadful vow,
 TO DO A DEED !—*but when ? and how ?* 120
 And *where ?*—O Muse, thy lyre new-string,
 The *how*, the *when*, the *where* to sing !
 Say in what sign the sun had enter'd,
 When these sweet souls on plotting ventur'd—
 'Twas when the balmy breath of May 125
 Makes tender lambkins sport and play ;
 When tenderer fribbles walk, and dare,
 To gather nose-gays in the air—
 'Twas at that time of all the year,
 When flowers and butterflies appear, 130
 When brooding warmth on nature lies,
 And circulates the blood of flies—
 Then Fribbles were with Fribbles leaguings,
 And met for plotting and intriguing.

There

134 THE FRIBBLERIAD.

There is a place upon a hill, 135
 Where cits of pleasure take their fill,
 Where hautboys scream, and fiddles squeak,
 To sweat the *ditto* once a week ;
 Where joy of late unmix'd with noise
 Of romping girls and drunken boys ; 140
 Where Decency, sweet maid, appear'd,
 And in her hand brought Johnny Beard ;
 'Twas *here*—(for public rooms are free)
 They met to plot, and drink their tea.
 Each on a satin stool was seated, 145
 Which, nicely quilted, curtain'd, plaited,
 Did all their various skill display :
 Each work'd his own, to grace the day—
 Above the rest, and set apart,
 A chair was plac'd ; where curious art 150
 With lace and fringe to honour meant
Him they should chuse their President.
 No longer now the kettle fimmers,
 The smoke ascends, or cotton glimmers ;
 The tea was done, the cups revers'd ; 155
 Lord TRIP began—" May I be curs'd ;
 " May this right-hand grow brown and speckled,
 " This nose be pimpled, face be freckled ;
 " May my sick monkey ne'er get up ;
 " May my sweet Dido die in pup ; 160
 " Nay, may I meet a worse disaster,
 " My finger cut, and have no plaister—
 " No

THE FRIBBLERIA D. 15

“ No cordial drops when dead with vapour,
 “ Be taken short and have no paper—
 “ If I don’t feel your wrongs and shame, 165
 “ With such a zeal for FRIBBLE fame!—
 “ So much my heart for vengeance thumps,
 “ You see it raging through my jumps”—
 Then, opening wide his milk-white vest,
 They saw it fluttering in its nest. 170
 Some felt his heart, and some propose
 Their drops—his lordship to compose—
 The perturbation, all agree,
 Was partly fidgets, partly tea.
 While some the drops, some water get, 175
 Sir COCK-A-DOODLE, Baronet,
 Arose—“ Let not this accident
 “ The business of the day prevent!
 “ That lord’s my friend, my near relation;
 “ But what’s one lord to all our nation? 180
 “ Friendship to patriot-eyes looks small,
 “ And COCK-A-DOODLE feels for all.
 “ Shall one, though great, engross your care,
 “ While still unhonour’d stands that chair?
 “ Might I presume to name a *creter*, 185
 “ Form’d for the place by art and *nater*;
 “ I would a dainty Wit propose
 “ To serve our friends, destroy our foes:
 “ To fill the *chair* so nicely fit,
 “ His pride and passion match his wit; 190
 “ His

16 THE FRIBBLERIAD.

“ His wit has so much power and might,

“ It yields to nothing but his spite—

“ For wit may have its ebbs and flows,

“ But malice no abatement knows.”

Propose! they cried, we trust in you—

95

Name him, Sir COCK-A-DOODLE—do—

“ Would you have one can joke and scribble?

“ Whose heart and very soul is FRIBBLE—

“ Would you have one can smile, be civil,

“ Yet all within a very devil—

200

“ Lay pretty schemes—like cobwebs spin ’em,

“ To catch your hated foe within ’em—

“ Let him a thousand times break thro’ ’em,

“ Th’ *ingenious creter* shall renew ’em—

“ If mischief is your wish and plan—

205

“ Let * FIZGIG, FIZGIG, be the man!

“ What say you?—Brethren!—shall it be?

“ Has he your voice?”—All cry’d—*oui, oui.*

At which, ONE larger than the rest,

With visage sleek, and swelling chest,

210

With stretch’d-out fingers, and a thumb

Stuck to his hips, and jutting bum,

Rose up!—All knew his smirking air,—

They clapp’d, and cry’d—the *chair*, the *chair*!

He smil’d—and to the honour’d seat,

215

Paddled away with mincing feet:

* Some say FITZGIG—The Reader may take his choice.

So

So have I seen on dove-house top
 With cock'd-up tail, and swelling crop,
 A pouting pigeon waddling run,
 Shuffling, wriggling, noddling on. 220

Some minutes pass'd in forms and greeting,
 PHIL. WHIFFLE op'd the cause of meeting.—

“ In forty-eight—I well remember—
 “ Twelve years or more—the month November—
 “ May we no more such misery know! 225

“ Since *Garrick* made OUR SEX a shew;
 “ And gave us up to such rude laughter,
 “ That few, 'twas said, could hold their water:
 “ For He, that player, so mock'd our motions,
 “ Our dress, amusements, fancies, notions, 230
 “ So lisp'd our words, and minc'd our steps,
 “ He made us pass for *demi-reps*.

“ Though wisely then we laugh'd it off,
 “ We'll now return his wicked scoff.
 “ Genteel revenge is ever slow, 235
 “ The dear Italians poison so.—

“ But how attack him? far, or near?
 “ In front, my friends, or in the rear?”

All started up at once to speak,
 As if they felt some sudden tweak: 240

'Twas quick resentment caus'd the smart,
 And pierc'd them in the tenderest part.
 For these dear souls are like a spinnet,
 Which has both sharp and sweet within it:

18 THE FRIBBLERIAD.

Prefs but the keys, up start the quills : 245

And thus perk'd up these *Jack-my-Gills*;

Each touching, brushing, as they rose,

Together rustled all their cloaths,

Thus, when, all hush'd, at Handel's air,

Sit, book in hand, the British fair, 250

A sudden whiz the ear receives,

When rustling, bustling, turn the leaves.

In all the dignity of form,

The chairman rose to hush the storm;

To order call'd, and try'd to frown— 255

As all got up, so all sat down;—

Sir DIDDLE then he thus address'd—

“ ’Tis *yours* to speak, be mute the rest.”

When thus the knight—“ Can I dissemble ?

“ Conceal my rage, while thus I tremble ? 260

“ O FIZGIG !—’tis that Garrick’s name

“ Now stops my voice, and shakes my frame,—

“ His pangs would please—his death—oh lud !

“ *Blood, Mr, FIZGIG, blood, blood, blood !*”

The thought, too mighty for his mind, 265

O’ercame his powers—he star’d—grew blind—

Cold sweat his faded cheek o’erspread,

Like dew upon the lily’s head ;

He squeak’d and sigh’d—no more could say

But *blood—blee—blo—and* died away. 270

Thus when in war a hero swoons,

With *oss* of blood, or fear of wounds,

They

They bear him off—and thus they bore
 Sir DIDDLE to the garden-door ;
 Where sat LORD TRIP—where stood, for use, 275
 Salts, hart's-horn, pepper-mint, and *eau de luce*.

A pause ensued:—at length began
 The valiant captain, PATTYPAN.
 With kimbow'd arm, and tossing head,
 He bridled up—"Wear I this red ? 280

"Shall blood be nam'd, and I be dumb ?

"For that, and that alone, I come.

"Glory's my call, and blood my trade ;

"And thus"—then forth he drew his blade.—285

At once the whole assembly shrieks,

At once the roses quit their cheeks ;

Each face o'ercast with deadly white,

Nor paint itself could stand the fright ;

The roof with *order, order, rings,* 290

And all cry out—NO NAKED THINGS !

The captain sheath'd his wrath and pride,

And stuck the bodkin by his side.

More soft, more gentle than a lamb,
 The reverend Mister MARJORAM 295

Arose—but first, with finger's tip,

He pats the patch upon his lip ;

Then o'er it glides his healing tongue,

And thus he said—or rather sung :

"Sure 'tis the error of the moon ! 300

"What, fight a mimic, buffoon !

20 THE FRIBBLERIAD.

" In France he has the church's curse,
 " And England's church is ten times worse.
 " Have you not read the holy writ,
 " Just publish'd by a reverend wit? 305
 " That every Actor is a *thing*,
 " A *Merry Andrew*, *paper king*,
 " A *puppet* made of rags and wood,
 " The *lowest son of earth*, mere mud;
 " Mere public game, where'er you meet him, 310
 " And coblers as they please may treat him?
 " *Slave*, *cowcomb*, *venal*, and what not?
 " Ten thousand names that I've forgot?—
 " Then risque not thus a precious life,
 " In such a low, *unnatural* strife, 315
 " And sure, to stab him would be cruel.—
 " I vote for—arsenick in his gruel."

He said, and smil'd—then sunk with grace,
 Lick'd the patch'd lip, and wip'd his face.
 A buz of rapture fill'd the room, 320
 Like bees about a shrub in bloom:
 All whisper'd round—" Was it not fine?
 " O very—very—'Twas divine!"
 But soon as from the chair was seen
 A waving hand, and speaking mien, 325
 A calm came on—the Chairman bow'd—
 And smirking spoke—" I'm pleas'd and proud
 " To mix my sentiments with yours:
 " 'Tis prudence every point secures.

" Two

"Two friends with rapture I have heard; 330

"One favours *arsenick*, one the *sword*—

"In both there 's danger—but, succeeding,

"Short pangs in *poisoning*, less in *bleeding*;

"A sudden death 's not worth a shilling—

"I'd have our foe nine years a killing." 335

Then from his bosom forth he drew

A crow-quill pen—"Behold, for you

"And your revenge, this instrument!

"From hell it came, to me 'twas sent:

"Within is poison, sword, and all; 340

"It's point a dagger, dipt in gall:

"Keen lingering pangs the foe shall feel,

"While clouds the hand that stabs conceal:

"With this, while living, I'll dissect him;

"Create his errors, then detect 'em; 345

"Swell tiny faults to monstrous size!

"Then point them out to purblind eyes,

"Which, like Polonius, gaze in air,

"For *ouzel*, *camel*, *whale*, or *bear*.

"His very merit I'll pervert, 350

"And swear the ore is sand and dirt—

"I know his quick and warm sensations,

"And thence will work him more vexations—

"Attended with some noisy cit,

"Of strong belief, but puny wit; 355

"I'll take my seat, be rude and loud,

"That each remark may reach the crowd;

22 THE FRIBBLER IAD.

" At Lear will laugh, be hard as rocks,
 " And sit at Scrub like barbers blocks :
 " When all is still, we 'll roar like thunder ; 360
 " When all applause—be mute, and wonder !
 " In this I boast uncommon merit—
 " I like, have prais'd, his genius, spirit :
 " His various powers, I own, divert me—
 " 'Tis his *success* alone has hurt me— 365
 " My patriot hand, like Brutus, strikes,
 " And stabs, and wounds, where most it likes :
 " *He*, as a Roman, gave the blow ;
 " I, as a FRIBBLE, stab your foe ;
 " He mourn'd the deed, would not prevent it, 370
 " I 'll do the deed—and then * lament it."—

At this all tongues their hearts obey,
 A burst of rapture forc'd its way,—
Bravo!—Bravissimo!—Huzza!

All rose at once—then hand in hand, 375
 Each link'd to each, the heroes stand—
 Like Fairies form a magic round,—
 Then vow—and tremble at the found—
 By all that 's dear to human-kind,
 By every tye can FRIBBLES bind ; 380
 They vow—that with their latest breath
 They 'll stand by *Fizgig*—life or death.
 The kiss goes round the parting friends—
 The chair is left—th' assembly ends.

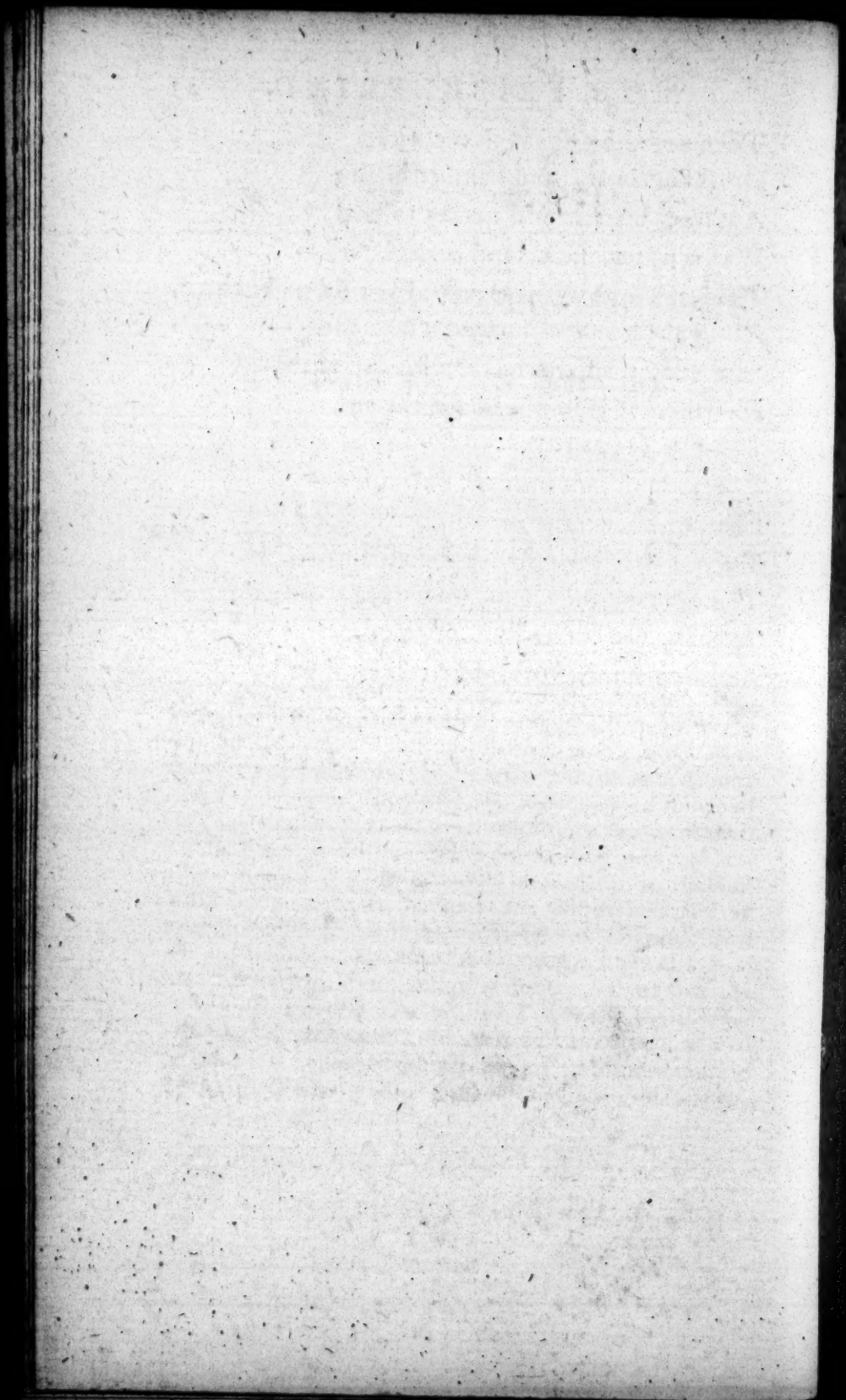
* Some MSS. read *repent* it.

Then

THE FRIBBLER IAD. 23

Then each, his spirit to recruit, 385
 For biscuits call, and candied fruit ;
 And sip, his flutter'd nerves to heal,
 Warm water, sack, and orange-peel—
 Then, made as warm as warmth could make them,
 All to their several homes betake them— 390
 Save one, who, harrafs'd with the chair,
 Remain'd at Hampstead for the air.

Now, GARRICK, for the future know
 Where most you have *deserv'd* a foe—
 Can you their rage with justice blame ? 395
 To you they owe their public shame.—
 Though long they slept, they were not dead ;
 Their malice wakes in X, Y, Z.—
 And now bursts forth their treasur'd gall,
 Through *him*—COCK FRIBBLE of them all ! 400



A N E L E G Y

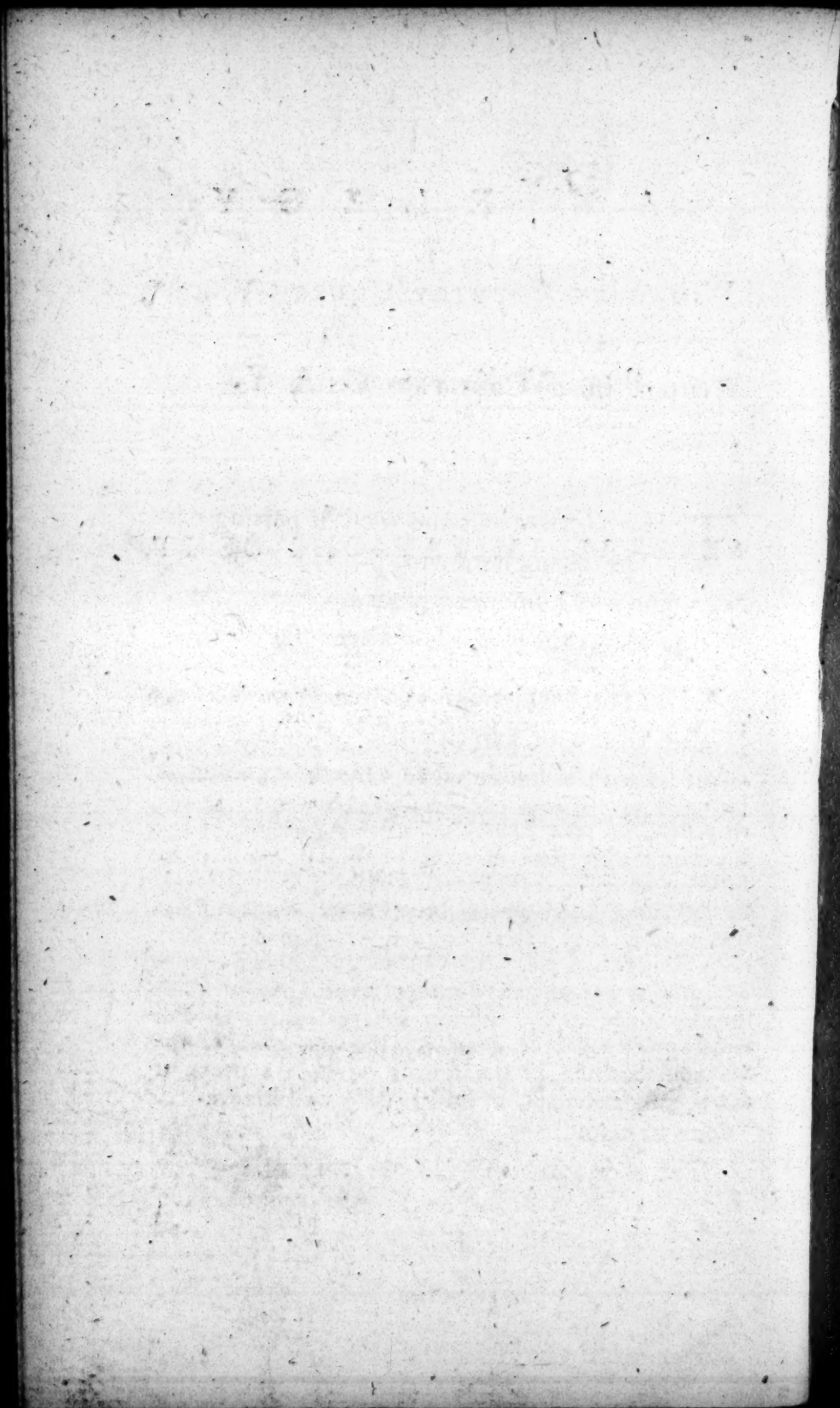
Written in a COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD*,

By M R. G R A Y.

W I T H

SEVERAL IMITATIONS OF IT.

* This very popular and excellent Poem is of too grave a cast, and hath too often been printed in former collections, to be entitled to a place in this Miscellany, consistent with the plan of it, which was intended to be confined to pieces of Wit and Humour. It was, therefore, not the Editor's intention to have inserted it: but the opinion of some persons being, that the humour of the several Parodies which follow it would be less understood and relished, if the original Poem was omitted; in deference to their opinion, it hath been allowed a place. The *variations* pointed out by Mr. Mason are purposely omitted; the form in which the Author left it best suiting the present plan.—The same apology may be made for the appearance of the Splendid Shilling in the former volume; a poem, if not equally excellent, at least equally well known.



A N E L E G Y,

Written in a COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE Curfew tells the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her antient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the fault,
If Memory o'er their Tomb no Trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can

A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

29

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,
Their

Their lot forbade : nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply ;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD. 31

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say;
" Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
" Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
" To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
" That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
" His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
" And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
" Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
" Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
" Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

" One morn I miss'd him on th' accustom'd hill,
" Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
" Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
" Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he:

" The

" The next with dirges due, in sad array,
 " Slow, through the church-way path we saw
 " him borne ;
 " Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
 " Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

T H E E P I T A P H.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth
 A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
 Heaven did a recompence as largely send:
 He gave to misery all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a
 friend.

 No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

A N E L E G Y,

Written in COVENT-GARDEN.

ST. PAUL'S proclaims the solemn midnight
hour ;

The wary Cit slow turns the master-key ;
Time-stinted 'prentices up Ludgate scour,
And leave the streets to darkness and to me.

Now glimmering lamps afford a doubtful ray,
And scarce a sound disturbs the Night's dull ear ;
Save where some rumbling Hack directs its way,
Or frequent tinklings rouse the tavern-bar ;

Save that, at yonder iron-grated tower *,
The watchmen to the constable complain
Of such as, in defiance to his power,
Molest their antient, solitary reign.

Beneath those butchers stalls, that pent-house shade,
Where rankling offals fret in many a heap,
Each in his nasty sty of garbage laid,
The dextrous sons of Buckhorse stink and sleep.

* The Round-house.

The chearful call of "Chair! your honour—chair!"

Rakes drunk and roaring from the Bedford-head,
The oaths of coachmen squabbling for a fare,
No more can rouse them from their filthy bed.

For them the blazing links no longer burn,
Or busy bunters ply their evening care;
No Setters watch the muddled Cit's return,
In hopes some pittance of the prey to share.

Oft to their subtlety the fob did yield,
Their cunning oft the pocket-string hath broke:
How in dark alleys bludgeons did they wield!
How bow'd the wretch beneath their sturdy
stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their humble toil,
Their vulgar crimes, and villainy obscure;
Nor rich rogues hear with a disdainful smile
The low and petty knaveries of the poor.

The titled villain, and the thief in power,
The greatest rogue that ever bore a name,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of wickedness but lead to shame.

Nor you, ye proud! impute to these the fault,
If Justice round their necks the halter fix;
If, from the gallows to their kindred vault,
They ride not pompous in an hearse and fix.

Gives

Gives not the lordly axe as sure a fate ?

Are Peers exempt from mouldering into dust ?

Can all the gilded 'scutcheons of the Great

Stamp on polluted deeds the name of Just ?

Beneath the gibbet's self perhaps is laid

Some heart once pregnant with infernal fire ;

Hands that the sword of Nero might have sway'd,

And 'midst the carnage tun'd th' exulting lyre.

Ambition to their eyes her ample page,

Rich with such monstrous crimes, did ne'er unroll ;

Chill Penury repress'd their native rage,

And froze the bloody current of the soul.

Full many a youth, fit for each horrid scene,

The dark and sooty flues of chimnies bear ;

Full many a rogue is born to cheat unseen,

And dies unhang'd for want of proper care.

Some petty Chartres, that with dauntless breast

Each call of worth or honesty withstood ;

Some mute, inglorious Wilmot * here may rest ;

Some *****, guiltless of his steward's blood.

The votes of venal senates to command,

The worthy man's opinion to despise,

To scatter mischiefs o'er a trusting land,

And read their curses in a nation's eyes,

* Earl of Rochester.

Their lot forbade ; nor circumscrib'd alone
Their groveling fortunes, but their crimes confin'd ;

Forbade with libels to insult the throne,
And vilify the noblest of mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious guilt to hide,
To bid defiance to all sense of shame ;
Their bleeding Country's sorrow to deride,
And heap fresh fuel on Sedition's flame ;

To such high crimes, such prodigies of vice,
Their vulgar wishes ne'er presum'd to soar ;
Content at wheel-barrows to cog the dice,
Or pick a pocket at a Play-house door.

Yet e'en these humbler vices to correct,
Old Tyburn lifts his triple front on high ;
Bridewell, with bloody whips and fetters deck'd,
Frowns dreadful vengeance on the younger fry.

Their name, their years, their birth and parentage,
(Though doubtful all) the Ord'nary supplies ;
Points out what first debauch'd their tender age,
And with what words each ripen'd felon dies.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
When to the dreadful tree of death consign'd,
But yearns to think upon the fatal day
That first seduc'd to sin his pliant mind ?

COVENT-GARDEN. 37

No soul so callous but remorse may wring,
 No heart so hard but grief may teach to figh;
 Contrition forces heartfelt tears to spring,
 And melts to tenderness the sternest eye.

For him, the master of the pilfering herd,
 Whom certain punishment attends, though late;
 If, when his wretched carcase is interr'd,
 Some curious person should enquire his fate;

Haply some hoary-headed thief may say,
 " Oft have I seen him with his lighted link
 " Guide some unwary stranger cross the way,
 " And pick his pocket on the kennel's brink.

" There, at the foot of yonder column stretch'd,
 " Where Seven Dials are exalted high,
 " He and his Myrmidons for hours have watch'd,
 " And pour'd destruction on each passer-by.

" Hard by yon wall, where not a lamp appears,
 " Skulking in quest of booty would he wait;
 " Now as a beggar shedding artful tears,
 " Now smiting with his crutch some hapless pate.

" One night I miss'd him at th' accusom'd place,
 " The seven-fac'd Pillar and his favourite wall:
 " Another came, nor yet I saw his face;
 " The post, the crossings, were deserted all.

“ At last, in dismal cart and sad array,
“ Backward up Holborn-hill I saw him mount :
“ Here you may read (for you can read, you say)
“ His Epitaph in th’ Ord’nary’s Account.”

T H E E P I T A P H.

HERE festering rots a *quondam* pest of earth,
To virtue and to honest shame unknown ;
Low-cunning on a dunghill gave him birth,
Vice clapp’d her hands, and mark’d him for
her own,

Quick were his fingers, and his soul was dark ;
In lucky knavery lay all his hope ;
No pains he spar’d, and seldom miss’d his mark ;
So gain’d (’twas what he merited) a rope.

If further you his villainies would know,
And genuine anecdotes desire to meet,
Go read the story of his weal and woe,
Printed and sold by Simpson, near The Fleet.

THE NUNNERY:

A N E L E G Y.

Retirement's hour proclaims the tolling bell;
 In due observance of its stern decree,
 Each sacred virgin seeks her lonely cell,
 And leaves the grate to solitude and me.

Now throws the Western sun a fainter glare,
 And silence sooths the vestal world to rest,
 Save where some pale-ey'd novice (wrapp'd in
 prayer)
 Heaves a deep groan, and smites her guiltless
 breast;

Save that, in artless melancholy strains,
 Some Eloïsa, whom soft passion moves,
 Absorpt in sorrow, to the night complains:
 For ever barr'd the Abelard she loves.

Within these antient walls with moss o'erspread,
 Where the relenting sinner learns to weep,
 Each in her narrow bed till midnight laid,
 The gentle daughters of Devotion sleep.

Of wantonness the pleasure-breathing lay,
Or Laughter beckoning from his rosy seat,
Or Vanity attir'd in colours gay,
Shall ne'er allure them from their lonely state.

For them no more domestic joys return,
Or tender father plies his wonted care,
The nuptial torch for them must never burn,
Or prattling infants charm the lingering year.

Oft do they weave the chaplets pictur'd gay,
To deck their altars and the shrines around ;
How fervent do they chaunt the pious lay !
How through the lengthening aile the notes re-
sound !

Let not the gay coquette, with jest profane,
Mock their veil'd life and destiny severe ;
Nor worldly beauty with a sneer disdain
The humble duties of the cloister'd fair.

The glistening eye, the half-seen breast of snow,
The coral lip, the bright vermilion bloom,
Awaits alike th' inexorable foe ;
The paths of pleasure lead but to the tomb.

Nor you, ye vain, impute to these the fault,
If flattery to their fame no trophies raise,
Where, through the dome with grandeur's trea-
sures fraught,
The numerous soplings lift the voice of praise.

Can

Can artful phrases, or alluring words,
Bid the pale cheek assume a second prime?
Can e'en Apollo's sweetly-sounding chords
Arrest the speedy steps of conquering Time?

Perhaps in this drear mansion are confin'd
Some, whose accomplish'd beauty can impart
Each soft emotion to the sternest mind,
And wake to extacy the beating heart.

But pleasure flies them, a forbidden guest,
Deck'd with the flowers in youth's gay path that
bloom;

The clay-cold hand of penance chills their breast,
And o'er the rays of fancy throws a gloom.

Full many a rivulet, wandering to the main,
Sequester'd pours its solitary wave;
Full many a flower is rooted from the plain,
To waste its sweetness on the desert grave.

Some veil'd Eliza (like the clouded sun)
May here reside inglorious and unknown;
Some, like Augusta, might have rear'd a son,
To bless a nation, and adorn a throne.

From Flattery's lip to drink the sweets of praise,
In rival charms with other belles to vie;
In circles to attract the partial gaze,
And view their beauty in th' admirer's eye;
Their

Their lot forbids ; nor does alone remove
The thirst of praise, but e'en their crimes restrain ;
Forbids through folly's labyrinth to rove,
And yield to vanity the slacken'd rein :

To raise 'mid Hymen's joys domestic strife,
Or seek that converse which they ought to shun ;
To loose the sacred ties of nuptial life,
And give to many what they vow'd to one.

Far from the circle of the splendid throng,
They tread obscurity's sequester'd vale ;
Their lonely hours unvary'd creep along,
Unfann'd by pleasure's ever-shifting gale.

What though they 're sprinkled with ethereal dew !
With blooming wreaths by hands of seraphs
crown'd !

Though heaven's unfading splendours burst to view,
And harps celestial to their ear resound !

Still grateful memory paints the distant friend,
Not e'en the world to their remembrance dies ;
Their midnight orisons to heaven ascend,
To stay the bolt descending from the skies.

For who, entranc'd in visions from above,
The thought of kindred razes from the mind ?
Feels in the soul no warm returning love,
For some endear'd companion left behind ?

Their

Their joy-encircled hearth as they forsook,
From some fond breast reluctant they withdrew :
As from the deck they sent a farewell-look,
Fair Albion sunk for ever to their view.

For thee, who, mindful of th' encloister'd train,
Dost in these lines their mournful tale relate ;
If, by compassion guided to this fane,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate ;

Haply some aged vestal may reply—

“ Oft have we heard him, ere Aurora's ray
“ Had painted bright the portal of the sky,
“ At yonder altar join the matin lay.

“ Where hapless Eloïsa fought repose,
“ Oft at yon grave would he her fate condole,
“ And in his breast, as scenes of grief arose,
“ Sigh the kind requiem to her gentle soul.

“ One morn I miss'd him at the hour divine,
“ Along that aisle, and in the sacristy :
“ Another came ; nor yet beside the shrine,
“ Nor at the font, nor in the porch, was he.

“ The next, we heard the bell of death intone,
“ And in the fearful grave we saw him laid :
“ Approach, and read on this sepulchral stone
“ The lines, engrav'd to soothe his hovering
“ shade.”

T H E

THE EPITAPH.

BY Fate's stern hand untimely snatch'd away,
 Does this deep-vaulted cave a youth infold :
 He gave to solitude the studious day,
 And Pity fram'd his bosom of her mould.

With lyre devoted to Compassion's ear,
 Did he bewail the vestal's hapless doom ;
 Oft has this marble caught his falling tear,
 And for that generous tear he gain'd *a tomb*.

AN EVENING CONTEMPLATION

IN A COLLEGE.

THE curfew tolls the hour of closing gates ;
 With jarring sound the porter turns the key,
 Then in his dreary mansion slumbering waits,
 And slowly, sternly, quits it, though for me.

Now shine the spires beneath the paly moon,
 And through the cloisters peace and silence reign ;
 Save where some fidler scrapes a drowsy tune,
 Or copious bowls inspire a jovial strain ;

Save that in yonder cobweb-mantled room,
 Where sleeps a student in profound repose,
 Oppress'd with ale, wide echoes through the gloom
 The droning music of his vocal nose.

Within those walls, where through the glimmering
 shade

Appear the pamphlets in a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow bed till morning laid,
 The peaceful fellows of the college sleep.

The

46 AN EVENING CONTEMPLATION

The tinkling bell proclaiming early prayers,
The noisy servants rattling o'er their head,
The calls of business, and domestic cares,
Ne'er rouse these sleepers from their downy bed:

No chattering females croud their social fire,
No dread have they of discord and of strife,
Unknown the names of husband and of fire,
Unfelt the plagues of matrimonial life.

Oft have they bask'd beneath the sunny walls,
Oft have the benches bow'd beneath their weight;
How jocund are their looks when dinner calls!
How smoke the cutlets on their crowded plate!

Oh! let not temperance, too disdainful, hear
How long their feasts, how long their dinners, last!
Nor let the fair, with a contemptuous sneer,
On these unmarried men reflections cast!

The splendid fortune, and the beauteous face,
(Themselves confess it, and their fires bemoan,)
Too soon are caught by scarlet and by lace;
These sons of science shine in black alone.

Forgive, ye fair, th' involuntary fault,
If these no feats of gaiety display,
Where, through proud Ranelagh's wide-echoing
vault
Melodious Frazz trills her quavering lay.

Say,

Say, is the sword well-suited to the band ?

Does 'broider'd coat agree with sable gown ?
Can Mechlin laces shade a churchman's hand ?
Or Learning's votaries ape the beaux of town ?

Perhaps in these time-tottering walls reside
Some who were once the darlings of the fair,
Some who of old could tastes and fashions guide,
Controul the manager, and awe the player.

But Science now has fill'd their vacant mind
With Rome's rich spoils, and Truth's exalted
views,
Fir'd them with transports of a nobler kind,
And bade them flight all females—but the Muse.

Full many a lark, high-towering to the sky,
Unheard, unheeded, greets th' approach of light ;
Full many a star, unseen by mortal eye,
With twinkling lustre glimmers thro' the night.

Some future Herring, who, with dauntless breast,
Rebellion's torrent shall, like him, oppose,
Some mute, unconscious Hardwicke, here may rest,
Some Pelham, dreadful to his country's foes,

From prince and people to command applause,
'Midst ermin'd peers to guide the high debate,
To shield Britannia's and Religion's laws,
And steer with steady course the helm of state,

Fate

48 AN EVENING CONTEMPLATION

Fate yet forbids ; nor circumscribes alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confines,
Forbids in Freedom's veil to insult the throne,
Beneath her mask to hide the worst designs ;

To fill the madding crowd's perverted mind
With "pensions, taxes, marriages, and Jews,"
Or shut the gates of heaven on lost mankind,
And wrest their darling hopes, their future views.

Far from the giddy town's tumultuous strife,
Their wishes yet have never learn'd to stray ;
Content and happy in a single life,
They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.

E'en now, their books from cobwebs to protect,
Inclos'd by doors of glass in Doric style,
On polish'd pillars rais'd with bronzes deckt,
They claim the passing tribute of a smile :

Oft are the authors' names, though richly bound,
Mis-spelt by blundering binders' want of care ;
And many a catalogue is strew'd around,
To tell th' admiring guest what books are there.

For who, to thoughtless ignorance a prey,
Neglects to hold short dalliance with a book ?
Who there but wishes to prolong his stay,
And on those cases casts a lingering look ?

Reports

Reports attract the Lawyer's parting eyes,
Novels Lord Fopling and Sir Plume require,
For Songs and Plays the voice of Beauty cries,
And Sense and Nature Grandison desire.

For thee, who, mindful of thy lov'd compeers,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, with prying search, in future years,
Some Antiquarian should enquire thy fate ;

Haply some friend may shake his hoary head,
And say, " Each morn unchill'd by frosts he ran,
" With hose ungarter'd, o'er yon turfy bed,
" To reach the chapel ere the Psalms began ;

" There, in the arms of that lethargic chair,
" Which rears its old moth-eaten back so high,
" At noon he quaff'd three glasses to the fair,
" And por'd upon the news with curious eye :

" Now by the fire, engag'd in serious talk,
" Or mirthful converse, would he loitering stand,
" Then in the garden chose a sunny walk,
" Or launch'd the polish'd bowl with steady hand.

" One morn we miss'd him at the hour of prayer,
" Nor in the hall, nor on his favourite green ;
" Another came ; nor yet within the chair,
" Nor yet at bowls or chapel was he seen.

50 AN EVENING CONTEMPLATION, &c.

- “ The next we heard that in a neighbouring shire,
“ That day to church he led a blushing bride,
“ A nymph whose snowy vest and maiden fear
“ Improv’d her beauty while the knot was ty’d.
“ Now, by his patron’s bounteous care remov’d
“ He roves enraptur’d through the fields of Kent,
“ Yet, ever mindful of the place he lov’d,
“ Read here the letter which he lately sent.”

THE LETTER.

IN rural innocence secure I dwell,
Alike to fortune and to fame unknown;
Approving conscience cheers my humble cell,
And social Quiet marks me for her own.
Next to the blessings of religious truth,
Two gifts my endless gratitude engage,
A Wife—the joy and transport of my youth,
Now with a Son—the comfort of my age.
Seek not to draw me from this kind retreat,
In loftier spheres unfit, untaught to move,
Content with calm domestic life, where meet
The sweets of friendship, and the smiles of love.

A N E L E G Y,

Written in WESTMINSTER-HALL during the
long Vacation.

THE courts are shut—departed every judge,
Each greedy lawyer gripes his double fee :
In doleful mood the suitors homeward trudge,
And leave the hall to silence and to me.

Now not a barrister attracts the sight,
And all the dome a solemn stillness holds,
Save at the entrance, where, with all her might,
The *Queen* of Apples at the porter scolds;

Save that at fives a group of wrangling boys
At intervals pursue the bounding ball,
Make Henderson *, the studious, damn their noise,
When battering down the plaister from the wall.

From every court, with every virtue crown'd,
Where many get, and many lose their bread,
Elsewhere to squabble, puzzle, and confound,
Attorneys, clerks—and counsel—all are fled.

* An author and bookseller.

Contending fools, too stubborn to agree,
 The good fat client (name for ever dear!)
 The long-drawn brief, and spirit-stirring fee,
 No more, till Michaelmas, shall send them here.

Till then, no more th' Exchequer* nymphs shall run
 To fetch their wigs, and giggling stroke the tail,
 Or dressy orange-wenchs ply their fun,
 And offer their commodities to sale.

With these the Templar oft has stopp'd to chat,
 And tipp'd them six-pence for each cake he broke:
 How jocund did they give him tit for tat!
 And bonnily return'd him joke for joke!

Let not droll Peter† look with eyes askew,
 Nor envy them the profits of the hall;
 Let him not think that, with a spiteful view,
 They mean to draw the custom from his stall.

The cinder-wench in dust-cart seated high,
 With arms begrim'd, and dirty as her sieve,
 The ragged trulls, who sprats and herrings cry,
 The meanest trollops, have a right to live.

Nor you, ye belles! impute the fault to these,
 If at the glittering ball they not appear,
 Where music has a thousand charms to please,
 And with its sweetness almost wounds the ear.

* The coffee-house.

† A trinket-seller.

Will Almack, or the goddess of Soho,
 Enlist these misses in their brilliant train,
 Admit them e'en to see the puppet-show,
 To take one peep, and light them out again?

Perhaps in their neglected minds were sown
 The seeds of worth from Nature's large supply;
 The seeds of worth, which might in time have
 grown,
 And flourish'd lovely to the ravish'd eye.

But the calm sun-shine of a parent's care
 With one warm ray their bosoms ne'er impress;
 Ill-usage drove the wretches to despair,
 And check'd each growing virtue of the breast.

Full many a rural lass in Britain's land
 The vile unwarrantable brothels hold;
 Full many a town-bred damsel walks the Strand,
 And trucks her beauty for a piece of gold.

Some ghost of Jefferies will this floor parade,
 Some daring Pettifogger, stern of brow,
 Who might have done due honour to the spade,
 Whirl'd the tough flail, or grasp'd the peaceful
 plough,

This upstart thing some useful trade to learn,
 By far more suited to his shallow head,
 Some trade, by which he might have known to earn,
 With honest industry, his daily bread,

Falſe pride forbade ; nor to himſelf alone,
 Conſines his views, but to his ſon extends ;
Forbade the youth, to quirks already prone,
 To mind the means, ſo he could gain the ends ;

Forbade to bind him 'prentice to a trade,
 Behind the counter all the day to ſtand,
His birth by work mechanic to degrade,
 Or wait on customers with cap in hand.

Far from the worthy members of the law,
 A rogue in grain, he ever kept aloof :
From learn'd bum-bailiffs learn'd his briefs to draw,
 And where he could not find, he coin'd a proof.

Yet doth this wretch, illiterate as proud,
 With low-liſ'd homage, low-liſ'd buſineſs meet,
And pick the pockets of th' unhappy crowd,
 Moor'd in the Compter, Newgate, and the Fleet.

Bound by their creditors in durance faſt,
 In plaintive murmurs they bewail their fate,
And many an eager wiſhful eye they caſt,
 Whene'er the Turnkey opes and ſhuts the gate.

For who, to dull impriſonment a prey,
 The pleaſing thoughts of freedom e'er reſign'd,
From home, from wife and children dragg'd away,
 "Nor caſt one longing lingering look behind !"

Some

Some sharp attorney must the captive hire,
 Who knows each secret winding of the laws;
 Some previous fees th' attorney will require,
 Before he ventures to conduct his cause.

For you, who traverse up and down this shrine,
 And lounge and saunter at your wonted rate,
 If in some future chat, with arch design,
 Some wag should ask this Pettifogger's fate;

In sneering mood, some brother quill may say,
 "I've seen him oft at alehouse-table sit,
 "Brushing, with dirty hands, the crumbs away,
 "And eye the mutton roasting on the spit.

"There, in the snug warm corner of the bench,
 "Part stain'd with grease, and part defil'd with beer;
 "His thirst with cooling porter would he quench,
 "And bend his noddle o'er the Gazetteer.

"Hard by yon steps, now grinning as in scorn,
 "Muttering his oaths and quibbles he would stand;
 "Now hanging down his pate, like one forlorn,
 "As if some dread commitment was at hand.

"One morn I miss'd him in this custom'd hall,
 "And at the Oak*, where he was wont to be,
 "His clerk came down, and answer'd to my call,
 "But by me stepp'd, nor at the Oak was he.

* The Royal Oak, a public-house near the Hall.

"The next I heard (oh melancholy tale !

"On our profession what a foul reproach !)

"That he for forgery was confin'd in jail,

"And dragg'd (oh shameful!) there without a
"coach."

HIS CHARACTER.

Vulture, the arrant'st rascal upon earth,

At length is caught, and into Newgate thrown ;

Fair Honesty disclaim'd him at his birth,

And Villainy confess'd him as her own.

Grown old in sin, at no one crime dismay'd,

'Gainst Nature's cries he arm'd his callous heart,

For, when his father was to death convey'd,

He growl'd—and damn'd the slowness of the cart.

Jack Ketch, to shew his duty to his friend,

Will soon confirm it with the strongest tie ;

But on such ties what mortal would depend ?

A rogue he liv'd, and like a rogue he'll die.

Now press'd with guilt, he feels its sharpest sting,

Great his transgressions, and but small his hope,

He gave the sheriff (all he had!) a ring,

He gain'd from justice (all he fear'd!) a rope.

No farther seek his vices to disclose,

But leave the culprit to his dark abode ;

There let him rest, till, breaking his repose,

The hangman summon him to Tyburn-road.

ELEGY,

E L E G Y,

On the Death of THE GUARDIAN OUTWITTED*.

THE shrill bell rings the knell of "Curtain-
" rise;"

From the thrum'd string the scraping herd to
warn ;

Behind the scenes the plodding snuffer hies,
And leaves the stage to Operas and to Arne.

Now strike the glimmering lamps upon the fight,
And all the house a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the Seaman from the Gallery's height,
For roast-beef bawling, the cu'd Fidler scolds ;

Save that in yonder velvet-mantled box
A moping Countess to her Grace complains
Of macaws, monkeys, parroquets, and shocks,
And losses *vaiſt*, and *vaiſtly* paltry gains.

Behind thoſe rugged ſpikes that bag-wigs ſhade,
Where tuneful Folios lie in many a heap,
Each in his narrow line for ever laid,
The embryo crotchets of the Guardian ſleep.

* An Opera, written and compoſed by Thomas
Auguſtine Arne, M.D. It was acted at Covent-Garden
theatre ſix nights in the month of December, 1764.

The

The long, long trill of quaver-torturing Brent*,
 Miss Hallam* twittering from her tender throat,
 Thy clarion, Beard*, that Echo's ear has rent,
 No more shall rouse each lowly-slumbering note.

For these no more a parent's breast shall burn;
 His busy fingers ply their evening care;
 Poor banish'd children! never to return,
 Nor their own tender fire's applause to share.

Oft did the City Nymph their sweetness own,
 Their force the stubborn centinel has broke;
 How jocund did they drive the dull farce down,
 When wit and sense expir'd without a joke!

Yet, let not genius mock their useless toil,
 Their transient honours, and their life not long;
 Nor sense behold with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of a song.

The pomp of Tragedy, expression's power,
 And all that Garrick, all that Quin e'er gave,
 Have found alike th' inevitable hour,
 And the Fifth Act still led them to the grave.

Forgive, ye Bards, th' involuntary fault,
 If love parental shall no trophies raise,
 Where in th' Orchestra's low sequester'd vault,
 The coxcomb Fidler plies his arm for praise.

* Performers in the Opera.

Can

THE GUARDIAN OUTWITTED. 59

Can pensive Arne, with animated strain,
Back to its audience call his fleeting Play?
Can Music's voice the hand of Death restrain,
Or soothing sounds prolong the fatal day?

Perhaps, ere this, he many an Opera made,
Which, though not pregnant with celestial fire,
Might yet, like this, its little night have sway'd,
And wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But shrill rehearsal each unprinted page,
Lavish of grins and squalls, did ne'er unroll;
The hiss contemptuous, and the catcall's rage,
Repress'd the great ambition of his soul.

Full many a book, of purest page serene,
The high ungenial cells of Grub-street bear;
Full many a pamphlet leaves the press unseen,
In Moorfields dangling to the desert air.

Some village *****, who a wife's fell frown,
A vixen wife, with music has withstood,
Some blind Corelli oft may scrape unknown,
Some Arne, not guilty of an Opera's blood.

Th' applause of listening Boxes to command,
Damnation's pain and ruin to despise;
To scatter crotchets o'er a fidling land,
And read their influence in a lady's eyes;

Their

60 ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF

Their lot forbade; nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their tuneful empire, but their pride confin'd;
 Forbade pert Nonsense to usurp the throne
 Of Taste, and banish genius from mankind.

Oft-pilfer'd airs, and borrow'd strains to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 And feel the fondness of a Fidler's pride
 With dull pretences to a Muse's flame.

Far from the merry wake, and rustic ball,
 No vain pursuits their sober wishes led:
 Along the streets, and round his worship's hall,
 They scrap'd the noisy tenor for their bread:

Yet still, the blind from insult to protect,
 Some faithful comfort ever wandering nigh,
 With vary'd garb, and uncouth pinner deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute with a sigh.

Her ditties oft, though an unletter'd Muse,
 The place of air and sonnet would supply;
 And songs of grace at Christmas would she chuse,
 Repaid with luncheons from the grey-goose pye.

For who, so much to gloominess a prey,
 Whose spirits music knows not to advance?
 Or who could listen to her roundelay,
 Nor lift one longing lingering leg to dance?

On

THE GUARDIAN OUTWITTED. 61

On some smart air the active heel relies,
Some sprightly jig the springing foot requires;
E'en to a march the moving spirits rise,
E'en in a minuet wake our youthful fires.

For Thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines the *Guardian's* Tale relate,
If chance, by love of Elegy misled,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate;

Haply some antiquated Maid may say;

“ Oft have we seen him at the hour of prayer

“ Brushing, with hasty hand, the dust away

“ From his rent cassock, and his beaver bare.

“ Oft by the side of yonder nodding font

“ That lifts its old fantastic head so high,

“ To wait the frequent christening was he wont,

“ And frown upon the Clerk that babbled by.

“ Oft in yon pulpit, smiling as in scorn,

“ Muttering his uncouth doctrines would he

“ preach,

“ Now, drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,

“ In deep despair the Mitre's grace to reach.

“ One morn I miss'd him at the hour of prayer,

“ In vain I took my spectacles to see;

“ His wonted surplice did another wear,

“ Nor in the vestry, nor the desk, was he.

“ The

- “ The next, with dirges dire, in sad array,
 “ Slow through the church-way path we saw
 “ him brought ;
 “ Approach and read (if thou canst read !) the lay
 “ Which his own Clerk, his Parish Clerk, has
 “ wrote.”

E P I T A P H.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A Curate poor, to stalls and tythes unknown ;
 No Bishop smil'd upon his humble birth ;
 No Minister e'er mark'd him for his own.
 Bread was his only food, his drink the brook ;
 So small a salary did his Rector send :
 He left his laundress all he had—a book ;
 He found in Death, 'twas all he wish'd—a friend.
 No longer seek his wardrobe to disclose,
 Nor draw his breeches from their darksome cell ;
 There, like their master, let them find repose,
 Nor dread the horrors of a Taylor's hell.

E P I T A P H

E P I T A P H

O N

A C E R T A I N P O E T.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 One nor to Fortune nor to Fame unknown;
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And smooth-tongu'd Flattery mark'd him for
 her own.

Large was his wish—in this he was sincere,
 Fate did a recompence as largely send,
 Gave the poor C—r four hundred pounds a year,
 And made a dirty minister his friend.

No further seek his deeds to bring to light,
 For, ah! he offer'd at Corruption's shrine,
 And basely strove to wash an Æthiop white,
 While Truth and Honour bled in every line!

THE

THE P. I. T. A. S. H.

A. C. E. T. A. I. T. O. T.

THE

THE
ADVANTAGES OF POLITICKS
TO THIS NATION:

Humbly inscribed to
EVERY POLITICIAN THAT CAN READ.

Merito civilibus undis.

HOR.

First printed in. 1729.

VOL. II.

F

EXHIBIT NO. 100-1000000
TO THE COURT

IN THE MATTER OF

THE ESTATE OF

JOHN J. ROY

T H E

ADVANTAGES of POLITICKS to
this Nation, &c.

WITHOUT inquiring into the cause, we may affirm it as a certain truth, that the Island of Great Britain is more fertile in politicks, than any other part of the known world. It has been doubted by many wise men, whether this our native commodity has not been a greater misfortune, than blessing to the kingdom. But I shall endeavour to remove this unreasonable scruple, by laying before the world some of the many advantages, which accrue to the nation from this public spirit, which runs through every degree of the people. All the Politicians, as may be undeniably proved from their own professions, are zealously attached to the public welfare: most of them are willing, beyond their abilities, to serve in any public employments, and are even angry if they are not employed; and not a few are so generous, as to neglect their own concerns, to promote the good of their country.

Before I enter on the task proposed, I shall premise something concerning the numbers, quality, education, and employment, of these consummate statesmen.

In most other countries, there are not above ten or a dozen persons of choice genius, and long experience, concerned in the management of the publick, while the rest of the people mind their business: in Great Britain, there is scarce that number that mind their own business, so much as the management of the publick. It is surprizing to observe what a noble zeal animates all ages, sexes, and professions, to reform abuses in the state; and with what uncommon warmth old men and maidens, young men and children, engage in this great and glorious undertaking. I never heard it computed how many politicians there may be in this nation; but I think a certain rule may be established for discovery of their numbers. If the Royal Society would be so good as to inform us what number of souls there are in it, and how many of them are under two years of age, the business is done; for take the last from the first, and the remainder is the sum required. I choose to exclude these youngsters from their share in politicks, because they cannot plainly declare what party they are of; nor can we be assured of their sentiments from their expressions. I confess, indeed, that,
though

though they cannot speak their minds freely, yet they may (and very often do) intimate, by signs, what interest they espouse, and whether they are friends or enemies to the administration. On this account, if any one shall be of opinion that they ought to be received into the list, I shall not greatly oppose it; since it will ease the calculation, by making the number of politicians the same with that of the inhabitants of the island.

Would it not amaze a stranger, unacquainted with our present state, to be informed, that every man in Great-Britain can talk admirably on any political subject; and that there are scarce any but dedicate some part of every day to the settling of the nation? that this science extends itself universally to all orders of men; and that they are often best versed in that part of it, which seems most foreign to their own callings? It is no uncommon thing for a clergyman to make war, or a lawyer peace; for a physician to understand the political as well as animal œconomy, and to know when lenitives, purgatives, or bleeding, would be of service to the state. An alderman shall fortify a town, or fight a battle; and an officer of the army explain a treaty of commerce, or reform the doctrines of the church. A young nobleman, who has passed most of his time at plays and assemblies, shall decide as confidently on the rights of nations, as if he

had made Puffendorff and Grotius his only study; and shall think himself capable of judging of every thing, because he was born to be a judge. In short, not only noblemen, gentlemen, and merchants, are skilled in policy; but all tradesmen, labourers, and mechanicks. A taylor can cut out work for the ministry, and a shoe-maker set the constitution on a better foot; a carpenter can erect a new form of government, and a bricklayer place the old one on a surer foundation. A British porter, or chairman, is generally as able a statesman, as a count or marquis of another nation. Sometimes the women understand matters of government better than their husbands, and often set them right when they are mistaken. Would not, I say, a stranger be amazed at all this? would he not wonder how persons without genius, learning, or experience, should arrive at this proficiency? and would he not conclude they were inspired? But we, who are politicians, know that it does not proceed from inspiration, but is owing to good education and example.

When I consider the education of a modern statesman, I cannot but reflect on the thanks that are due to his mother; and am apt to ascribe the figure, which a zealous patriot makes, to her care of his tender years. Who can sufficiently admire or applaud the discretion of many parents, who are more sol-
citous

citous that their children should be early instructed in policy, than either in morality or religion? They imbibe patriotism whilst they hang at the breast, and the first ideas they receive are of a public nature. They are taught to entertain a friendship for the leaders of their own side, and an aversion for those of the opposite. If master is naught, he is to be delivered over to a prime minister of state; and, if he is good, he is some time or other to be one himself. Before he knows his Christian name, he can tell the name of his party; can repeat his political creed better than that of the Apostles; and is confirmed in his state-principles long before he is fit to be confirmed by the bishop. What fruit may we not expect from seeds thus early sown; especially when we consider the pains that are taken to cultivate and improve them? When the young gentleman or lady (for both are equally politicians) are fit to appear in the world, they are advised to associate with people of sound (that is, the same) principles; and to regard the rest of mankind as monsters of the species. They are not only, like Jews, to marry in their own tribe; but are forbidden, under severe penalties, to converse out of it. The young gentleman's tutor must be a person of sound principles; and so must his taylor and barber. The same may be said of miss's dancing-master and sempstress.

The butcher, brewer, grocer, mercer, &c. must be all staunch; and no matter whether their commodities are good, so that their principles are sound. Our young politicians, observing every one valued amongst their acquaintance in proportion to his zeal, resolve to raise their own reputation the same way; become furious and outrageous in a cause they never examined, and extremely prejudiced against persons they have not the honour to know. Thus their public virtues eclipse those which adorn private life; and the man is lost in the patriot.

A politician being thus instructed, let us view him on the stage of life, and consider the part he acts in it. He is always very busy, and has nothing to do; concerns himself in every thing, and yet has a hand in nothing. He is a prime-minister in every country of the known world; but his favourite care is the island of Great-Britain. As he has the interest of his country always at heart, he is always solicitous to know what passes in it. This makes him apply himself to the study of Modern History; and I may venture to affirm, there is no place where he can have so good opportunities of information. There is scarce a country-town, or a street in London, without a coffee-house, which may be regarded as a public college for politicians. These colleges are all furnished with
daily

daily and weekly volumes of the public state of Europe; and private intelligence flows into them from all quarters. There is, besides, generally in each of these colleges a public orator or professor; whom long attendance in the college, strong lungs, or good assurance, have advanced to that dignity; and whose harangues have frequently admirable effects on the zeal and credulity of his disciples. Every man is admitted into these colleges, on easy terms; and for two-pence may read and hear a lecture, which shall make him understand as much of the public state of affairs as any of his neighbours. There is no place where the secret method of conveying intelligence is more easily learned, or is better practised. I have known a great officer displaced by a whisper; have seen the state of the nation deplored by turning up the eye, and a shrug set all Europe in a flame. But this is not the chief use of the institution of these colleges, nor the principal employment of its members; which I take to consist in examining all transactions, and passing their definitive sentence on them; sometimes to draw conclusions from facts which never happened, and to foresee events which are never likely to happen; always to censure the proceedings of the ministry and parliament, and to rectify their errors and abuses: and, lastly, to engage in all disputations, public and private, on all subjects, both foreign
and

and domestic. As there is generally much knowledge to be collected from these disputations, so, I must confess, they are sometimes attended with inconveniencies. Every college maintains principles, which are not readily comprehended by the members of another college. St. James's is as distant from Garraway's in opinion as situation; what is logick at the Cocoa-tree is not so at Button's; and a maxim at Child's is a paradox at the Grecian: so that, when members of different colleges happen to meet, their disputes sometimes rise so high, that, for want of a moderator at hand, the respondent is run through the body by the opponent. This is a great inconvenience; but let us shift the scene to one more agreeable, and shew the many advantages of politicks to the nation; which is the main design of this treatise.

And here, because I love method in an author, I shall endeavour to observe some myself. I shall first consider the advantages of politicks with regard to the politician himself, and then with regard to the publick.

The first and great advantage to the politician is this; that public zeal supplies the place of all other virtues, and covers all imperfections. Like riches, it makes a man wise, good, honourable, brave, eloquent, and what not: it is a beautifying wash, which clears the ill complexion of his actions; and
the

the only infallible nostrum that can make him amiable in the eyes of his party. A politician may break an oath, and yet be a person of honour; he may refuse to pay his debts, and be the honestest fellow in the world: I have known a man who never went to church, a support of it; and a traitor, an ornament to the state: I have known debauchees, common swearers, and sharpers, men of exceedingly good principles; and do not despair to see a highwayman, or knight of the post, a patriot *. *This* gentleman shall have an indulgence to keep a whore, if he will but declaim against the Whore of Babylon; and *that*, to be a tyrant in his family, if he will be but a slave to his party. When you ask a man's character, you do not desire to be informed, whether he is faithful to his friend, grateful to his benefactor, kind to his neighbour, compassionate to the distressed; but how he voted at the last election: and when you enquire if a man is honest, it is not now commonly understood, whether he can drink three bottles at a sitting, but whether he goes as you would have him in the house. In fine, virtue does not consist as formerly in a medium, but shines forth brightest in extremes: moderation

* It may be proper to repeat, lest modern Patriotism should take offence where none is meant, that this essay was written so long ago as the year 1729.

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is the only crime ; and the only good quality is zeal.

Another advantage of political zeal to the owner is, that it is the shortest way of becoming eminent. It requires much time and application, to gain a character in any learned profession ; and a seven-years apprenticeship is necessary before a man can exercise a trade : but any one may set up for a politician whenever he pleases, and may grow famous in an instant. No matter for his head : the only stock requisite is a warm heart, strong lungs, and a Corinthian front ; and, if he is well furnished with these, he cannot fail of admirers. Why are so many men of good parts and morals neglected ? is it not because they want these accomplishments ? And why are so many, without morals or parts, caressed ? is it not because they abound in them ? Many a man in the world owes all the reputation he has in it to some lucky opportunity of exerting these talents. I have known several, who would have always lived in obscurity, had they not signalized themselves by their noise at an election ; and, though unknown before, have had their healths drunk throughout the county, only for disturbing the peace of it. Nay, there are some, who have gained immortal credit, only by drinking a health ; and, whilst they have wished “ confusion to their “ enemies ” in a bumper, have extremely ingratiated

tiated themselves with their friends. If a man breaks a head of different sentiments, he is regarded as a hero; and, if he has his own broken, as a martyr in the cause. Not a few have secured a reputation, by declaiming in coffee-houses; and as many have passed for statesmen, by railing at the times: an invective against the ministry proves a panegyrick to the author; and by aspersing the character of a great man, a man often becomes great. Since therefore the way to Fame does not, as heretofore, lay through the temple of Virtue; but there are many other passages to it, through which politicians can only be conducted by zeal and clamour; what wonder is there, if every ambitious man provides himself with those guides?

I know not if I ought to mention another advantage of political zeal, that it has been found the surest step to preferment: for, if desire of fame will not inspire our politician, can it be expected that he will be influenced by so low a consideration as interest? He proceeds on more generous motives; and the good of his country is his only principle of action. How maliciously then it is insinuated by many, that he has nothing but selfish views! Have we not seen, say they, *this* man declaim against a white staff, in order to obtain it; and *that* lament the danger of the church, until he has been advanced to the mitre! Do we not owe many warm
speeches

speeches in both houses to hopes ; and many more to disappointments ! Does not one speak to be encouraged to speak again ; and another to be tempted to hold his tongue ! I must confess, as we live in a country where a generous zeal often meets with a suitable reward, there is some colour for such insinuations ; but, on a strict examination, we shall find no real foundation for them. We cannot search into men's hearts, for the motives of their actions ; and must therefore depend on their professions, as the best evidence we can get. Did ever any man declare, that he was zealous only to get a place ? or, when he accepts a place, that it is out of self-interest ? Does he not, on the contrary, profess that it is either to prevent its falling into worse hands, or to serve his country and his friends ? We must therefore conclude, that preferment is not the cause of his zeal ; but zeal the cause of his preferment.

It is another advantage to the politician, that he can never want business or discourse. It is a melancholy consideration, to think how heavy the time would hang on many an honest gentleman, if he had not an opportunity of visiting the coffee-house. This is an open asylum, to which he may at all times fly for refuge ; and pass many hours agreeably, in which he might otherwise be a burthen to himself, or a plague to his family.

Here

Here he can sit at ease, and dispose of the world at pleasure. If there is nothing to reform at home (which seldom happens), he can send his thoughts abroad into the continent; and, if Europe is at peace, can carry on his conquests in other quarters of the world. He can, when he pleases, restore the Sophy, or dethrone the Emperor of Morocco. If he is in an ill humour, he can stir up the Turk against Christendom, and kindle a religious war. He can raise an army, or equip a fleet, without any expence; and gain a victory without bloodshed. When he has collected a number of facts which want confirmation, and raised suitable speculations on them, he is prepared to satisfy the curiosity of the next man he meets. With such a knowledge, many eminent politicians support their character, who would make but a despicable figure without it: for, as they are generally not bred to any business or profession, unacquainted with all parts of learning, and enemies to reading, they would want materials for discourse; and their conversation would rise no higher than an enquiry after a friend's health, or some notable remarks on the barometer. But, now, ask a politician what news (which is a question rarely omitted); it opens a field of discourse, which cannot soon be run through; it gives a man an opportunity of shining, who must otherwise

wise

30 POLITICKS AN ADVANTAGE

wife sit silent ; and makes a cypher in the world a diverting member of Society.

I must not pass over in silence the numberless advantages of a political spirit to the fair sex in particular. - It in some measure diverts their thoughts from trifles, as fashion, dress, and equipage, which are very expensive ; and frees them from the care of domestic concerns, which is too mean a province for ladies of distinction : it takes them off very much from reading plays and romances, which are apt to inspire them with warm and tender sentiments, and lay them too open to the attacks of Cupid. I must therefore beg leave to congratulate all fathers and husbands on the felicity of these times ; when love-intrigues are less studied than intrigues of state ; when the Craftsman is more read than the Atalantis ; when Cassandra sells for half-price ; and when All for Love is not got by-heart by above ten thousand ladies in this island. Politicks are likewise serviceable, as they have retrenched private scandal ; and, by being received at the tea-table, have contributed to preserve a good understanding among neighbours. The ladies are often so busy in attacking a minister of state, that they spare a husband or a wife ; and are so taken up in censuring public miscarriages, that private ones sometimes escape their notice. I am persuaded in my conscience, that many a reputation is now
owing

owing to the lucky arrival of a Dutch mail ; for the fair sex are at present as solicitous to know what passes at Soissons, as either in the drawing-room or ridotto. Another advantage of public spirit (and which the ladies themselves must allow not to be a small one) is, that it improves their charms. A woman is never so amiable as when she engages in a political dispute : if she is ever so pale, she has no occasion to put on red ; or, if she is in her decline, her eyes sparkle, and she appears in the bloom of fifteen : nay, I have sometimes known a paragraph in the news-paper as great a beautifier as any recommended in the advertisements. But the greatest advantage of all is, that ladies are often directed by their politicks in the choice of a husband. They are so heroic, as to neglect the considerations which engage vulgar minds, when they come in competition with the public good. Some lovers have ingratiated themselves, by maintaining passive obedience ; and others have been rejected, for being friends to episcopacy. There have been instances where ladies have been more taken with a man's party than his person ; and have been less concerned whether a man was black or fair, than whether he was a Whig or Tory. Zeal has often succeeded better than merit or fortune ; and clamour has supplanted good-humour, manners, and sense : nay, sometimes men of un-

sound constitutions have recommended themselves by the soundness of their principles. By such a prudent choice, the ladies cut off all political disputes with their husbands; and are left liable only to those private contentions and misfortunes which disturb the matrimonial state.

I shall now, to make good my promise to the courteous reader, present him with some of those advantages which redound to the community from this spirit of policy in my countrymen.

In the first place, I may venture to affirm, that the public revenue is exceedingly increased by it: nay, I had almost said, that it is the principal fund from which it arises. It is this which enables us to maintain our fleet and army, to pay the interest of our public debts, and gives us hopes of discharging the principal, by the increase of the sinking-fund. And this, I think, may be made out, even to a demonstration, by considering how several branches of the revenue are improved by it. The custom and excise on liquors rise in proportion to the consumption of them; and their consumption is exceedingly increased by the public spirit of the nation. As drinking is the common way of signaling a man's loyalty, it is amazing to reflect on the quantities of wine and strong-beer that are yearly consumed that way. There are many days in a year more particularly distinguished by drinking
loyal

loyal healths, and giving ale in great quantities to the populace, as may be proved by many authentic accounts in print, sent all over the kingdom by the worthy gentlemen who gave it. These are principally days of thanksgiving or inauguration; the birth-days of princes now living, or of princes long since dead; the Twenty-ninth of May, and the Fifth of November; for it is with infinite pleasure I now observe, that the Thirtieth of January * and Tenth of June † are no longer regarded as days of thanksgiving, nor is there any extraordinary consumption of liquor upon them. But the great solemnity of these days do not hinder honest patriots from expressing their loyalty every day, by swallowing capacious bowls. Is there a true son of the church, that does not constantly after dinner wish prosperity to it in a full glass? or is there any, that wish well to the kingdom, that do not drink their majesties' health in a bumper? A numerous royal family is our great blessing and security, and people have not been wanting in expressions of joy: and I cannot but reflect with pleasure, that both the Customs and Excise must have produced considerably more since his royal highness's ‡ happy arrival in

* This anniversary with difficulty maintains its ground, and will probably soon be abolished.

† And this, in the natural course of events, will speedily sink into oblivion.

‡ Frederick Prince of Wales.

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the kingdom. It may be needless to insist on the quantities of liquor daily drunk, to great men in power, and to great men discarded; and much more that is sacrificed, to prosperity of friends, and confusion of enemies. But the time of the greatest consumption is a controverted election: for few find themselves in a right temper to choose a legislator, until they have drowned their understandings; and it is incredible how much a freeholder, or scot-and-lot man, will swallow, when they drink at free-cost, and are warmed by a clamorous zeal for the excellent and generous patriot that entertains them. There is likewise much liquor consumed in settling the nation, and carrying on political disputes in private. A country parson, or squire, debates best over a pot of ale; and a common council-man over a bottle of port; but the beaux find French claret most useful in their speculations. *This* politician composes his thoughts with a dish of tea or coffee; and *that* enlivens them with a dram: another is not ready to enter on public business until he takes a pipe, and never sees so clear as through a cloud. As the public revenue is raised in all these particulars; so, the political conversations being frequently continued until late at night, the produce of the duty on coals and candles is considerably augmented. It may seem too frivolous to affirm the same of the duties on soap and leather, though I think it cannot

not well be denied : for a politician cannot decently make his appearance, in places of public resort, without a clean shirt ; and he must necessarily wear out his shoes in bearing the news he picks up there to other quarters of the town. It is obvious to every one, that great part of the stamp duties * arise from Daily and Weekly Papers, published for the entertainment of our modern statesmen ; and that the Post-office receives no small benefit, by dispersing them through his majesty's dominions. I could produce many more instances of this kind ; but I leave every reader of parts to suggest them to himself : by these few, he may sufficiently see that public spirit is a public benefit ; and that the figure Great-Britain makes abroad, is owing to the figure its politicians makes at home. If I had not entered too precipitately on this work, I would have employed an ingenious friend of mine to have made a nice calculation of the improvement in each branch of the revenue, arising from zeal and curiosity ; which would have swelled this treatise to a more graceful size, and have been very diverting and instructive to the curious reader.

But having, I fear, almost tired his patience, by insisting so largely on this great and undeniable advantage to the publick, I resolve to make him some

* This argument might in 1790 be urged with *quadruple* weight.

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amends, by being more concise on those that follow.

Politicks are useful to the state, as they afford a comfortable subsistence to those who could gain no livelihood by any trade or profession ; and as they find employment for many idle people, who would otherwise be a useless load on society. I would not be misunderstood to hint at any of the politicians themselves ; but at numbers of vintners, alehouse-keepers, coffee-men, tapsters, drawers, printers, hawkers, and Grub-street authors, who may be looked upon as the menial servants and attendants to the body politic of the nation.

It is another advantage of politicks, that they have a good effect on the genius and temper of the people. It is a general complaint of foreigners, that we are too reserved in conversation ; but, were they to hear us talk politicks, they would soon change their opinion : start but a subject relating to the conduct of the court, the parliament, or ministry, or to the state of the nation in general ; and an Englishman shall discourse with much greater freedom than any other native of Europe. I am fully persuaded, that politicks are likewise a great security to the lives of his majesty's subjects : by stirring the animal spirits, and quickening the circulation of the blood, they disperse melancholy, and convert it into rage ; and prevent the fate of many
phlegmatic

phlegmatic persons, who would hang themselves in the winter, for want of something to do. On this account I have often thought it a fortunate circumstance, that the parliament meets in the dullest season of the year.

Again: politicks are beneficial, as they prevent the invention or improvement of many useless arts and sciences. Men are so taken up with this important business, that they have no time to think of any thing else. Yet I cannot forbear imagining to myself, if there were no politicks in the world, how the honest gentlemen, who have no other calling, must have passed their time in it. Certainly persons of such active genius could not have lain idle. Many, who are now prying into secrets of state, would perhaps have been as busy in examining the secrets of nature. Instead of remarking the colours that statesmen put upon their actions, they would have employed their speculations on a butterfly: and, instead of considering the constitution in all its parts, would have been cutting up a dog, or sticking a flea on a microscope. Some, who are contriving schemes to raise money, would have been searching after the philosopher's stone. Those, who compute the public debts, would have been calculating the distance to the fixed stars: and others, who are proposing methods to pay them off, would have been finding out a conveyance to the

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Moon. And thus many a good politician would have dwindled into a virtuoso. It is highly probable, that several, who are for hunting down ministers of state, would have given chase to a fox ; and that the most clamorous against the administration would have made as much noise after a pack of hounds. As to political writers, whether in prose or verse, I fancy they would still have been writers, though their talents must have been employed on different subjects. What is now a copy of verses to a great man might have been an ode to Chloe ; an epistle dedicatory, a billet-doux ; a treasonable ballad, a drunken catch ; an invective against the ministry, a satire against a rival ; a Weekly or Country Journal, a sermon in the country. It may also be reckoned amongst the advantages of politicks, that they have prevented the growth of Poetry, which is the daughter of Idleness, and hindered many a bold adventurer from breaking his neck from the summit of Parnassus. Who knows but that some politicians might have applied themselves to musick or painting, which too much soften and enervate the mind ? or to architecture, which has ruined several, who thought they understood it ? As politicks have been serviceable in supplanting such trifling arts ; so, I must confess, they have stopped the progress of many others, which are really useful ; such as gardening, agriculture, mathematics,

thematically, and mechanicks: but, useful as they are, I think them nothing, when they come in competition with that great and generous science of governing the world, and taking care of the interest of the rest of mankind. And I am glad I am supported in this opinion by so great an authority as Virgil *; who speaks slightly of all other arts and sciences, when compared to politicks, which he recommends to his countrymen in the following beautiful lines; which are worthy to be remembered by all politicians; but which, I fear, will not be understood by one politician in ten thousand in this kingdom:

“Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra:

“Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus:

“Orabunt causas melius, cœlique meatus

“Describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent:

“Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,

“(Hæ tibi erunt artes) pacique imponere morem,

“Parcere subjectis, & debellare superbos.”

I ask the reader's pardon for dwelling so long on this head; and, if he will excuse me, I promise faithfully to mention but one more advantage of politicks to the publick, which is, the numberless fine writings which the age has seen on that inexhaustible subject. It is sufficient to name only some

* *Æneid.* vi. 848.

general titles, and the reader will recollect many of each kind. Such are "Letters to a great Man"—"to a Member of Parliament"—"to a Friend in the Country;"—"Reflexions on some late Occurrences;"—"Secret Histories;"—"Private Memoirs;"—"Mercuries, and Journals." All these writings are very prolific, and, like contradictions, beget one another: like persons of quality, they never appear in publick without a numerous train of attendants: "Observations" are followed by "Remarks;" and "Considerations" by "Some further Considerations." They multiply like the heads of Hydra; for an author is no sooner cut down in an "Answer," than he rises up again in a "Reply." As most of these papers are written with great judgement and erudition, impartiality and temper, they have contributed to make us not only the most knowing and unprejudiced, but the most loving, charitable, good-natured, and contented people on the face of the earth. When I am considering political writings as a public benefit, I might seem inexcusable, if I omitted to mention one of the finest pieces this or any other age has produced; I mean, the present treatise. As I am conscious to myself that it proceeded entirely from a public spirit, and was undertaken with no other view than the good of my country; so, in my opinion, it will be no small advantage to the publick.

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lick. My bookseller is so firmly convinced of this, that he thinks it ought to be read by every person in Great-Britain.

I thought to have concluded here; but I find the *scribendi cacoëthes* strong upon me, and cannot lay aside my pen, without adding an appendix. As I am a politician, I have a right to advise my brethren: and I think myself as capable of giving good advice, as they are of receiving it. I hope they will not take it ill of me, since I protest sincerely, it does not proceed from vanity, but from pure love and kindness. The advice which I offer shall be contained in a few rules for the better regulation of politicks in this kingdom.

First of all, I would by no means extinguish that zeal, and generous concern for their country, which our politicians bear in their breasts, and which I have so much commended throughout this treatise: I would only advise them to moderate it in such a manner, that it may not break out into indecent rage, and transgress the bounds of good manners. I never knew this have any good effect. I never knew a man convinced by being called rascal, or made a convert by a broken head. If my brother politician is also a brother writer; I would advise him to keep close to his subject, and avoid personal reflexions: let him not turn remarks on a man's public conduct, into remarks on his private life;

or,

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or,

or, if he is engaged in controversy, let him attack the author, but spare the man. Instead of this, in many pamphlets, you find least of the subject promised by the title-page; but the matters most largely insisted on, are either some personal blemish, or some misfortune in a family. This is a proceeding so vile and detestable, so cowardly and ungenerous, that it reflects more dishonour on the author, than the person against whom his malice is leveled; and a reader, who can be diverted with it, must be a man of as mean a spirit as himself.

In the next place, I would advise our politicians, not to call a man names, either to his face, or behind his back: I do not mean Billingsgate names (which the most refined politicians reject), but such political names as are commonly used, yet seldom or never understood, in conversation. Perhaps they may say they are terms of art, which are as necessary in politicks as any other science: I do agree indeed that they are terms of art, but cannot allow that they have any good use. They are terms of art; for they were first invented, and have ever since been propagated, by artful men: they are terms of art, by which the wicked impose upon the weak, and the designing mislead the well-meaning part of mankind. But it moves my indignation most, when I see an empty fellow raising a merit to himself, or endeavouring to fix an odium on his neighbour,

neighbour, from names which he does not understand. Is there any thing more unreasonable, than that men should use words in company, before they know their meaning? or be at liberty to call a man a Whig or a Tory, a Deist, Heretick, or Free-thinker, when they cannot tell what is understood by those expressions? It is but fair, that they should define their terms before they produce them; or I do not see how any man's character can be vindicated. If the name is explained, the person to whom it is applied will either own it, or entirely disclaim it; until it is explained, he can neither do one nor the other. I know not whether it most deserves our pity or our laughter, to think how most of our honest countrymen have been led away by such empty sounds, without once examining their meaning; and, instead of loving their neighbour as themselves, have hated him worse than the devil, for being they know not what. In short, a hard name is as effectual an instrument to destroy a man's reputation, as a pistol to take away his life: and, did I wish a man ill, I would take no other method to deprive him of his friends and acquaintance, and ruin him in their good opinion and offices, than by new-christening of him. Suppose for once a man was constantly to call another Bucephalus; what would his neighbours think of him? Some would imagine he had poisoned his father, or debauched

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debauched his sister; others, that he had killed a man, robbed a church, forgotten the Lord's Prayer, denied the Creed, been *tête-a-tête* with Old Nick, had kissed the pope's toe, or had lain with the parson's wife. What is there so monstrous or scandalous, that they would not place to the account of Bucephalus? His case would be much the same with that of poor Mr. Sharper, who lost a great fortune by his rival's calling him Sharperini. But, heaven be praised! it may be reckoned one of the greatest blessings of his majesty's auspicious reign, that party-distinctions are vanishing amongst us. It is near two years since I heard the name of a Jacobite; and I do not believe there are fifty in the whole kingdom: the words Whig and Tory are growing obsolete, and in a short time will be as little understood as Arabick. For my own part, I never understood them: as I never use them, I hope never to hear them; and I could heartily wish there was a penalty on all those who offer to introduce them into conversation. I am sure they have brought infinite calamities on this nation; and the disuse of them is the only thing that can make it happy.

The next piece of advice I give to politicians is, not to be angry with any man for his opinion, nor to shun his conversation on that account: and to believe, though he differs from them, that it is pos-

sible he may be an honest man. I fear I shall scarce be credited in this last particular; and, if I am not, I despair of making it out: for, should I undertake to prove it, I should find it as difficult as to prove an axiom in Euclid. I can therefore only recommend my own example on parallel occasions. I am but short myself, but can converse with a person that is six feet high. I do not love mustard, but have no antipathy to a man that does. I think Uxbridge the nearest road to Oxford; but, if another thinks Windsor so, it does not give me the least uneasiness: I may perhaps endeavour to convince him of his mistake; but, if he will not believe me, I cannot find in my heart to be angry: e'en let him go by Windsor, if he pleases; it is his own affair, and not mine: I see no reason why I should think he intends to take a purse on that road; or why I should damn him and his to the pit of hell, for being such a fool as to go out of his way: I do not think all rogues that go by Windsor, or all honest that pass through Uxbridge. Give me leave to say, that our political disputes, which are carried to such heights, are often of no greater moment: they are generally no more than a contest about a way. We all wish prosperity to our country; but we think it most likely to be obtained by our own schemes: we all wish well to the king, but think some particular persons more capable of serving him
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than others : we all wish to go to heaven, but every sect believe themselves in the fairest path. Upon the whole, is it not more reasonable that we should be pleased that we all propose the same ends, than that we should be angry with each other for disagreeing about the means ? Yet, they are such trifles that divide the world ; that keep people at a distance all their lives, who, if once acquainted, would have the greatest mutual esteem ; and who, if they were to compare notes, might perhaps find they were of the same opinion.

Lastly, I would advise our politician, not to be led by the nose, like a bear by a chain : nor, like a crab, always to go on one side : not to fawn and creep ; nor yet to snarl or bark, like a puppy : not to stop one ear, or blink with one eye ; and, (though, like Atlas, he supports the weight of our world) if possible, to walk upright : not to regard men's persons or professions, so much as their actions : not to believe some men infallible, and others always in the wrong : not to flatter a man because he is in power, nor to believe ill of him for no other reason : not to treat the proceedings of the ministry, as ill-natured criticks do books ; condemn them without reading ; or read them, only to pick out their faults, and not to do justice to their beauties. This humour of censuring often betrays a politician into manifest absurdities and contradictions. I re-
member

member some, when they imagined Gibraltar would be given up, declared it a place of the greatest importance; when they saw it well defended, they thought it not worth the charge of keeping.

What can we conclude from their discourse? Must we not believe they speak out of prejudice or interest, and want either judgement or sincerity? Happy would it be for this nation, if every Sancho would not think himself capable of entering on a government, but would leave the direction of it to his betters. The laws have vested the care of the administration in his majesty; and we have no reason to doubt his care: he has assured us from the throne, that he has our interest at heart, and his conduct will ever make good his declarations: we have nothing to do, but quietly to enjoy the fruit of those princely qualities, which will make us a great and glorious, and (if we are not wanting to ourselves) a happy and contented people.

I shall add but one word more; to beg, that heaven would grant to every common politician common sense; that he may neither impose upon himself, nor be made the dupe of others. This is the only thing that can insure his own peace of mind, or any lasting repose to the publick.

As I am sensible the reader will like the last sentence in this pamphlet the best, I shall now oblige him by bidding him adieu.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. St. John, at the

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A S C H E M E

FOR THE

COALITION OF PARTIES,

HUMBLY SUBMITTED TO

THE PUBLICK.

First printed in 1772.

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A S C H E M E

FOR THE

COALITION OF PARTIES.

OBSERVING it several times announced in the papers, that a certain able politician would shortly oblige the world with a scheme for the coalition of all parties; I have long waited with much impatience for a sight of so desirable a work, from so eminent a hand: but, having been hitherto disappointed, I thought I could not employ a few leisure-hours more beneficially for my country, than by adding my inconsiderable endeavours for the discovery of this important secret; and that, the more heads were employed in a design so useful, the sooner, and the more compleatly, it would be finished. If the scheme of that ingenious gentleman should exactly correspond with mine, much weight will be added to my proposal; but, if they should differ in a few particulars, the impartial and infallible publick may take their choice.

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I shall not here follow the example of our modern reformers, civil and ecclesiastical, in pulling down without rebuilding, complaining without redressing, and opposing without proposing; but shall offer a plain and simple scheme, which I am sure will be effectual, and hope will be unexceptionable to men of all parties, connexions, and denominations; as it cannot fail to promote all their interests, as well as that of the publick.

Before I presumed to prescribe, I thought it right to investigate the cause of the disease; and therefore have diligently enquired whether our present dissensions have arisen, as formerly, from any differences of opinions, or any contradictory articles in our political creeds; but, on the strictest examination, I can find no such differences to exist: parties I see many, but cannot discern one principle amongst them; they are neither Whigs nor Tories, Monarchy-men nor Republicans, High-church nor Low-church, Hanoverians nor Jacobites: they have all acted alternately on all these principles, as they have served a present occasion; but have adhered to none of them, nor even pretend to profess them: they have all been ready to support government, whenever they have enjoyed the administration of it; and almost all as ready to subvert it, whenever they were excluded. I see few, very few, who have formed the most distant intentions
of

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of destroying the government, or changing the constitution of this country; but, I am afraid, I see as few, who scruple to plunge them both into the most imminent danger, rather than be stopped in the wild career of their headlong ambition: from whence it appears to me plainly demonstrable, that all our present dissensions are nothing more than an outrageous contest for power and profit, there being no other cause from whence they can possibly be derived. He, therefore, who can point out a method to put an end to this contest, need enquire no farther; the work is done, and a cordial and lasting coalition will immediately ensue.

In order to qualify myself for this task, and forming such a coalition, I have endeavoured to recollect all the means, which have hitherto been offered, in writing or conversation, for this purpose; and I cannot remember one, that contained any thing more than this short proposal—to dismiss all at that time in administration, and to admit the proposer and his friends into their places—which he always calls a coalition, and recommends as the only method to restore concord to a nation, which he fails not to represent as much out of humour as himself. Although this plan may probably be perfectly right, as it has been universally adopted by all parties in their turns; yet it has of late been tried with so little success, that I would by no means have it

repeated, and therefore it shall make no part of my proposal.

I have likewise consulted some of the most indigent, thinking them the most disinterested, patriots, struggling for that liberty and property of which they themselves enjoy so small a share, whose sentiments therefore had great weight with me on this important subject: but these all unanimously agree, that no concord, or coalition, can or ought to take place, until an effectual place-bill and annual parliaments shall be established; that these, and these alone, can put an end to our dissensions, by extirpating venality and corruption, and restoring to us an independent and honest representation. But so dull am I of apprehension, that the salutary effects of these regulations do not appear to me quite so clear; because, though I know that honesty will make men independent, yet I do not see that independence will make them honest; nor that a parliament, if not honest, will be the less dangerous for being independent: nor can I comprehend, that multiplying corrupt elections will put an end to corruption; nor that the more frequent returns of expensive contests will promote the choice of those who have the least money to spend; nor, if such should be chosen, that they would be more independent because they were poorer, and consequently had more wants to be satisfied. All
this

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this may be very good logick, but it does not strike very forcibly on my understanding; and therefore neither of these regulations shall be admitted into my system.

I shall prescribe no remedies for national disorders, the effects of which I am not able to answer for, which perhaps after a long circuit through every vessel of the body politic may produce consequences directly contrary to my intentions; and, instead of curing the present complaints, render them much worse, or produce a new disease, more dangerous and more difficult to conquer: I shall rather strike at once at the great root of all political evils, which every one knows is the ministry itself; and therefore, instead of recommending annual parliaments, I shall propose an annual administration; in which single regulation my whole scheme is comprehended, and which I would have constituted in the following manner:

On the first day of every session of parliament, before any business should be proceeded on, an urn or box should be placed on the table of each house, in which should be deposited small pieces of paper, inscribed with the names of all the great offices in the state, household, treasury, and admiralty, and sealed up with the greatest secrecy and care; the names of those offices which are usually appropriated to the members of each house being put
into

into their respective boxes. I would then propose that a committee of thirty from the peers, and one hundred from the commons, of their most considerable members, should be chosen by ballot, or the whole be admitted, if that should give more satisfaction, who should draw out these tickets from the urns or boxes, and immediately take possession of whatever post fortune should thus fling into their hands, and keep it unmolested and irremoveable during the next ensuing year, their commissions being made out accordingly. As to all inferior places, they should remain in the same hands, to prevent any confusion or interruption in the business of the publick, until they become vacant by deaths or promotions, and then they should be filled up by the principals in each department for the time being; by which means they will all have equal opportunities of providing for their friends and adherents, who will not then be very numerous, or much wanted, when offices are attainable only by the foregoing method.

This scheme necessarily puts an end to all contests for power and profit, and with them to venality, corruption, and all our political diseases, which are but their unavoidable consequences: when nothing can be obtained by contention, we shall contend no more; peace and harmony will return, and this much-sought-for coalition immediately be effected.

It

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It is also, like all other great discoveries, so simple and obvious a remedy, that it is not a little surprising that it should not have been before hit upon by some of those numerous state-physicians who daily study, and prescribe to, the national constitution.

But, in order the better to explain its operations, and shew its salutary effects, I shall consider it under the following heads: how it will affect the king, how the administration, how the opposition, and how the nation. And here I beg leave to premise, that by these I would not be understood to mean those only who now fill those situations; but all kings, administrations, and oppositions, that do, or shall at any time exist hereafter.

First, then, as to the king. I am sensible that this scheme will rob him of one of the choicest of his prerogatives, the disposal of all offices of trust and profit; wisely, as some have thought, placed in his royal hands by the constitution, for the most salutary purposes; though improperly in the opinion of others, to whose share none of them have fallen: therefore I should by no means advise, that so capital and so hazardous an alteration should be made permanent by law, but only tried for a few years, as an experiment, whose consequences cannot be well ascertained until they become visible by practice. But, however it may affect the rights of the crown, it will certainly relieve the possessor
from

from innumerable troubles; the jewel here taken away is indeed one of its richest, yet it is one of the heaviest loads on the head of the wearer, and cannot fail to convert it into a crown of thorns. It is indeed a prodigious power; but it is a perplexing power, which serves only to make the many solicitors who must be refused angry, and the few who are obliged ungrateful: it is indeed a pre-eminence of royalty, but it is a painful pre-eminence; and to relinquish it would be an escape from most of the disquietudes which attend that exalted but uneasy situation. Could this be done, a wise, a just, and virtuous prince would no longer lie under the disagreeable necessity of preserving knaves for their intrigues, profligates for their abilities, and fools for their connexions; nor any more be molested with addresses, remonstrances, and petitions; for no excluded party, if my scheme was established, would ever address to remove an administration, which, like a butterfly, could survive but one season; none would remonstrate against grievances, which, by their acquisition of places, would all be very soon redressed; nor petition to dissolve a parliament, which will probably fall ready-made into their own hands in the course of a few months.

From ministers in possession only I expect objections; but, if they would consider how greatly this
scheme

COALITION OF PARTIES. 109

Scheme will contribute to their own ease and advantage, objects to which they usually pay some regard, they cannot, I think, refuse it their concurrence: for, whenever they shall be so fortunate as by this means to get into power, they will be sure to keep it for a whole twelvemonth; and not only keep it, but keep it unmolested by all opposition: for, when power is thus placed in the hands of Fortune, she alone can be blamed for the unsuccessful efforts of ambition, and the disappointment of men's own imaginary merit. This will exempt all ministers from the most disagreeable embarrassments of their office; they will no longer be obliged to neglect their supporters, and promote their adversaries, nor to reward every one in proportion as they abuse them; a conduct which, though habit, I know, renders less painful than might be imagined, yet must ever be inconvenient, because it cannot fail to create new adversaries, and new abuses. They will no longer be dependent on the caprice of a mistress or a favourite, nor even on the will of their sovereign himself; nor will they be distressed, if they should be so uncommonly unfortunate as to have to deal with a prince, who has not one vice, attachment, or prejudice, by the indulgence of which he can be either purchased or controuled. They will no longer be obliged to court the humours, or satisfy the demands, of an insatiable

insatiable parliament; nor reduced to the humiliating necessity of frequent applications to recruit the revenues of the civil-list, exhausted by corrupting men to be honest, and paying them for that support to government, for which their own interest and duty ought to have been sufficient inducements; and, whenever they are displaced by this rotation, they can have no cause to be angry, and therefore cannot be tempted to disgrace themselves, by enlisting immediately into opposition, by unsaying all they have said, undoing all they have done, defeating every measure which they had adopted, and sacrificing their principles and characters to gratify their resentments. As they will have little to promise, and less to bestow, they will be little troubled with those two worst species of persecutors, their friends and their enemies; they will no longer be baited in senates, reviled in news-papers, and insulted in the streets; and both their promises and their windows will be less frequently broken: in short, they will oftener be able to dine as regularly, to sleep as quietly, and walk as securely, as the most insignificant man in the kingdom. I shall add but one other inducement to prevail on ministers to agree to my proposal; an inducement, which perhaps they may think too inconsiderable to be mentioned; which is this, that by it they will be placed in a situation, in which they may be capable of
doing

COALITION OF PARTIES. III

doing some service to their country ; in which they may enjoy leisure and quiet, sufficient to enable them to form and execute some plans for the regulation of our police, the re-establishment of our government, and payment of our debts ; all which, in their present state of being pilloried and pelted, are utterly impracticable. If there should be any in administration, who are skilled in, or fond of, play, their patronage I may surely depend on, as my scheme will afford them a new and entertaining game, in which Fortune will be the disposer of all good things ; a lady, with whom they have had so long an intimacy, and with whom they may be presumed to have no inconsiderable interest.

To the Opposition, I think, few arguments need be used, to persuade them to support a scheme so manifestly calculated for their advantage ; which will immediately extricate them from a laborious and unprofitable situation, and give them an equal chance with others of acquiring the most honourable and profitable offices in the state, of which at present they seem to have no chance at all. Whenever they shall be so lucky as to be elected by this means into power, they will then enjoy all the benefits which I have just now enumerated, in the situation of ministers ; and whenever they shall be unfortunately excluded, their condition even then will be much preferable to their present : for they

3 will

will be delivered from the troublesome and barren occupation of fruitless opposition, which will then exist no more ; they will therefore no longer be obliged to toil and sweat, whole days and nights, in supporting questions which they disapprove, and motions which they neither expect nor wish to carry ; they will no more be obliged to expend their own fortunes, in forming clubs, cementing factions, fomenting tumults, and purchasing petitions, on the bare possibility of being some time or other reimbursed by the publick. They will no longer be compelled to deceive the people, whose interests they regard ; to debase the character, and abandon the privileges, of both houses of parliament, of which they are members ; or to insult the sovereign, whom they love and honour, and whose favour is their principal pursuit ; nor, if all these should fail, to call in a patriotic plague, famine, or war, to their assistance : this conduct, I know, is strictly justifiable, from necessity, and fidelity to connexions, and warranted by precedents innumerable and immemorial ; but yet, on reflexion, must certainly be disagreeable to honest and ingenuous minds. Besides an exemption from these Herculean labours, they will acquire, even during their exclusion, no inconsiderable pecuniary advantage ; for the reverfionary chance of a lucrative place in the choice of next year will fetch no contemptible

COALITION OF PARTIES. 113

sum in the present, and I doubt not, as soon as my scheme shall be established, will be as exactly calculated, and as readily done at Jonathan's, as Lottery Ticket, or Bank or India Stock, for the opening.

Let us now see how this my scheme will affect the nation. And here I discern a most agreeable prospect; for I see an end to all parliamentary contests, the offspring of self-interest, and parent of corruption; and with it an end to all those factions and discontents, those misconducts and misfortunes, which have divided and distressed this country for above half a century:

“Hâc fonte derivata clades

“In patriam populumque fluxit.”

From this impure source they have all proceeded; from this has every calamity issued, that has overflowed the land: it was this that produced a Spanish war in the year 1739; which produced a French war; which, after a short peace, produced another French, another Spanish, a German, and American war: these produced a national debt of one hundred and fifty millions, with innumerable and never-ceasing taxes to defray their interest; these have produced loans, jobs, contracts, and all manner of plunder; these have produced private riches and public poverty, which have produced high price of provisions, dearness of labour, com-

plaints of manufacturers, luxury and idleness, riots and tumults, with all those numerous grievances, which the nation really feels, or fancies that she feels, from her present nervous disposition.

All these, I question not, will be prevented in future by my proposal; to which I have never heard any objections, except the two following, which I shall endeavour to answer.

First, that these annual changes in administration will occasion such continual changes in measures, that no system, foreign or domestic, could be pursued with steadiness and effect. To this I reply, that, under the present mode of government, this must certainly be the consequence of such frequent changes; but, under the regulations of my scheme, they will have no such operations; because the new ministry, being introduced without contest, will be under no necessity of counteracting every measure which had been adopted by the old: they will not be mortgaged to old connexions and old animosities, nor embarrassed by old principles and old professions; and therefore they will not be obliged in honour to involve the nation in a war, because the last ministry had concluded a peace; nor to relinquish taxes of which they might avail themselves, because they had formerly voted against them; nor to wink at libels, and indulge riots, because they had once been useful; nor to ruin them-

COALITION OF PARTIES. 115

selves by the same arts by which they had ruined their predecessors, to prove the consistency of their conduct. This rotation of ministers will therefore be so far from changing systems, that it will contribute very much to continue them: for, if any one administration should happen to fix upon any one system, the rest, having no inducement to alter it, will probably pursue it in preference to the trouble of finding out another. But, if the worst should happen, and no system at all be pursued, the nation perhaps might not suffer so much as may be imagined: for what system can we remember to have been ever strictly adhered to in this country, except this—that opposition should do mischief, and ministers embarrassed by a perpetual warfare do nothing? And yet under this we have constantly gone on, improving in wealth, trade, liberty, power, and prosperity, to this hour.

The other is, that, if all opposition is by this scheme put an end to, there will remain no check upon evil ministers, and the people will be left a defenceless prey to their tyranny and rapacity. This, indeed, is a formidable objection; and so tenacious am I of the liberties of the people, and so jealous of the encroachments of ministerial power, that, if I thought my proposal would be attended with consequences so fatal, I would instantly abandon it, in spite of all the parental fond-

ness of a projector. But of this I cannot entertain the least apprehensions ; for, although it will destroy all opposition in parliament, where it is seldom honest, and always hurtful ; yet it will leave it in full vigour amongst the people, where it is often honest, and seldom injurious to the publick : enough of it will remain in the hearts and mouths of common council-men, liverymen, and freeholders, to watch over the conduct of ministers ; here is its native soil, and here it ought always to be cultivated : but, whenever it takes root amongst the great, whenever it shoots up into courts, councils, and senates, it soon degenerates into selfish and angry factions, who, under a pretended zeal for the welfare of the publick, are contending only who shall first sacrifice it to the mean ends of private ambition or avarice : for true English opposition to government is like that respectable animal the true English mastiff, who, when permitted to prowl and roar about the yards and out-houses, is a faithful, honest, and intrepid guardian ; but, if admitted into the drawing-room, becomes a very offensive and a very dangerous visitor.

And here, by the bye, I cannot but applaud the honest sagacity of that honourable society, the Supporters of the Bill of Rights, who have declared eternal war with all great men, esteeming them dangerous coadjutors in the cause of liberty, and wisely concluding,

COALITION OF PARTIES. 117

concluding, that it is impossible that persons possessed of exalted titles, vast property, and extensive power, should ever be in earnest, in endeavouring to destroy their own superiority, and the subordination of others.

Much more might be urged in favour of my scheme; but I shall leave it to its own apparent merits for success; and shall now conclude with this single caution to my readers, not to imagine that there is any thing in the foregoing pages in the least degree ludicrous; a caution which I think not altogether unnecessary, from frequently observing, that plain truths, concisely expressed, and brought home to men's minds, are apt to strike on the very same chords in the human brain, which are peculiarly appropriated to wit and humour, and are therefore often mistaken for them: for which reason, I forewarn all, who shall peruse this short essay, against falling into this common error; and assure them, that, in these considerations on this serious subject, not any wit, nor any humour except good-humour, is, or was ever intended to be, admitted; nor is the least reflexion designed on the conduct of any man, or set of men, whatever: my scheme is solely founded on conjecture, arising from the known principles of human nature, which concludes that men will act in such a manner, in such circumstances, and such situations. It is not

here asserted that any have so acted in such situations; but only supposed that the generality of mankind eternally will.

**T H E A R T
O F
DRESSING THE HAIR:**

A P O E M.

**Humbly inscribed to the MEMBERS of the
T. N. CLUB.**

**By E. P. Philocoin,
And Late HAIR-DRESSER to the said SOCIETY,**

**From thirst of Fame what various actions spring!
Heroes are rous'd to fight, and Bards to sing;
While gentle Beaux the crowded front-box grace,
And shine the first in powder, as in place.**

First printed in the Year 1770.

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To *****, Esq;

SECRETARY to the SOCIETY of MACARONI,
and HONORARY MEMBER of the T. N. CLUB.

S I R, Tuesday night, May 8, 1770.

NO Patron ever read an Epistle Dedicatory, but he found himself complimented in it with all the virtues and qualifications which the Hero of the Poem that solicits his protection is celebrated for: and this kind of panegyric is become so common among writers, that they flatter, as it were, by privilege, in the same manner as travellers are permitted to lye by authority. Poets, indeed, have through all ages dealt largely in fiction; and their most pleasing compliments have generally been made at the expence of their veracity.

The world, therefore, I fear, will not readily believe that I have made choice of a Patron, who has not only put in practice the rules which are delivered in the following Poem, but who saw those very precepts gathered from his daily conduct, and reduced into a system under his own inspection.

DRESS, Sir, is your darling excellence; and I should exceed the limits of a Dédication, nay, should even put your modesty to the blush, were I

to

122 EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

to reckon up the many improvements which you have made in it. To you we are indebted for the low-quartered shoe, the diminutive buckle, and the clocked stocking; elegances which no *petit-maitre* has yet refined upon, by venturing to introduce, as you long have wished, red heels, gold clocks, and a hat and feather.

But, while I am mentioning the obligations which the publick lies under to you, I must not forget my own. You suggested to me, Sir, the first hints which gave rise to the following lines; and pointed out the utility of such Didactic Poems, by enumerating many excellent performances of this kind, both ancient and modern.

If the Romans had their *Art of Love*, and *Art of Poetry*; we have *the Art of Cookery*, *the Art of walking the Streets*, *the Art of Dancing*, *the Art of Preaching*, *the Art of living in London*, *the Art of Shooting Flying*, and—*the Art of Dressing the Hair*.

Should my verses escape being twisted into *pillotes*, or thrown-by to perish in oblivion; to you, Sir, and your protection, it will be owing, if posterity should ever become acquainted with the name of, SIR,

Your most grateful
and obedient humble servant,

E. P.

THE

T H E

A R T of Dressing the H A I R.

WITH various art the tortur'd curls to place,
Confirm their structure, and dispose with
grace ;

The puff to manage with exactest care,
And pour the snow-white shower on every hair ;
I teach: embolden'd by the Muses' aid 5
To leave the shaving for the tuneful trade.

Oh, Phœbus! patron of the sons of song,
God of the quacking and the fiddling throng ;
Let my low shop be with thy presence blest,
And all thy raptures struggle in my breast ! 10
What though untaught by art thy ringlets twine,
No engines scorch, or *papillotes* confine ;
What though, unshorn, the honours of thy head
In wild luxuriance down thy shoulders spread,
Nor bag hath dar'd enclose, or ribbon tye, 15
Nor borrow'd locks their friendly help supply ;
What though no bristles thy smooth chin conceal,
But down eternal, innocent of steel ;
Let not in vain an honest barber sue,
Though ne'er the labours of his hand you knew ; 20

But,

But, like my razor, make my lines appear
Smooth, though not dull; and sharp, though
not severe.

And since these hands, on many an empty pate
Ne'er form'd by nature for dispensing fate,
Oft have been taught the mighty bush to lay, 25
Which gave the bearer privilege to slay;
Who without learning had obtain'd degrees,
By stealing *theses*, and by paying fees;
Teach me what unguents will the loss repair,
When falling tresses leave the temples bare; 30
What styptic juices will assistance lend,
Relax'd and weaken'd if the curls depend.

Nor ye, grave mortals, too severe and sage
For the light follies of this sportive age,
Frown, that I so much tenderness express 35
For outward polish, and the arts of dress.
Not he that thinks all night, and plods all day,
Will captivate the fair, or please the gay;
Not letters, your absurd pedantic plan—
Dress and the barber's art compleat the man. 40
Oft have I known a youth, whose leaden skull
His tutors curs'd, impenetrably dull;
Who toil'd from class to class with labour sore,
Some little learning got, but flogging more;
Yet by my care into perfection grow, 45
And, though no scholar, prove a charming beau.

When

DRESSING THE HAIR. 125

When Romulus his first Ephemeris made,
 And rashly set up the star-gazing trade;
 Incautious venturing from his proper sphere,
 He call'd ten months the circle of the year: 50
 Not born mankind to polish, but subdue,
 Much more of arms than almanacks he knew.
 Thus our good old fore-fathers might excell
 In arts of fight, but not of dressing well:
 For they to shining balls the camp preferr'd, 55
 Nor e'er of powder and pomatum heard,
 Of silken suits, or *nivernois* genteel;
 But made their coats of buff, their caps of steel.
 In Cromwell's days, the faint-like babes of grace
 With flowing ringlets hid their awful face; 60
 Long perriwigs in Charles's reign they wore,
 And Art supplied what Nature gave before.
 When Anna rul'd, and Khevenhullar fought,
 The hat its title from the Hero caught;
 Nor ev'n Ramillia's field its name denied 65
 To braided locks with plaited ribbon tied.
 Yet not the graceful tresses to compose
 In massy curls, or long-extended rows,
 Was theirs: ascending but by slow degrees,
 From uncomb'd fore-tops to well-dress'd toupees. 70
 Fate for this happy age reserv'd alone,
 To add the French refinements to our own;
 And from all other climes the palm to bear,
 If not in wisdom, yet in curling hair.

Ye sons of dress, who all its labours know, 75
 For whom my puffs are fill'd, my engines glow ;
 Ye gentler youths, undisciplin'd in vice,
 New to the rage of play and desperate dice ;
 To these short precepts of the Muse attend,
 Approve the poet, and believe the friend. 80

In scorn see gloomy Harpax roll his eyes
 On paltry hundreds, as too mean a prize :
 When doubling every stake, each lavish heir
 Draws a fresh source of courage from despair,
 He, like Drawcanfir, rushes on the foe, 85
 And beggars ten *superiors* at a throw.

Blaspheming Verres damns his empty purse ;
 Ev'n soft Narcissus lisps out half a curse.
 If in Volpone a thousand arts you trace
 Beyond the native cunning of his race ; 90
 Must you not say, though studious to admire,
 Great is the Son, but greater still the Sire !
This, boldly soaring in a dangerous sphere,
 Plunder'd a nation ; *that* but strips a peer.

Such your associates : shall this gloomy train 95
 The sprightlier sallies of your soul restrain ?
 Shall those soft hands the noisy dice-box shake ?
 Those brilliant eyes with midnight watchings ake ?
 Fly, ere too late you curse the treacherous toil,
 And execrate the day you open'd Hoyle. 100

'Scap'd like a bird that from the fowler's snare
 Springs forth exulting to the fields of air ;

The

DRESSING THE HAIR. 127

The gentle Florio smooths his ruffled plumes,
And all the dignity of dress resumes.
What hopes, what raptures, in his bosom glow, 105
As thus he greets the Circé of Soho!

“ Sweet sorcerers! whose powerful chains enslave
“ Wise men and fools, the coward and the brave;
“ Within thy magic walls, the frozen prude
“ Feels her cold blood unchill’d, her fears sub-
“ dued; 110

“ And wanton dames, who, to the nuptial bed,
“ Reluctant, by some mitred prelate led,
“ Long were sad victims to his ghostly care,
“ Condemn’d to stated fasts and days of prayer,
“ Far different here the midnight hours employ, 115
“ And melt in visions of unholy joy.

“ Believe me when I swear; by this *bouquet*,
“ Where flowers unnumber’d their fair heads dis-
“ play,

“ Which never more shall drink the morning dew,
“ Cut from the parent stalk where once they
“ grew; 120

“ Thy charms alone compel me to forego
“ Th’ enchanting dice, the yet-untouch’d *rouleau*;
“ And, suppliant thus, implore thy generous aid
“ For one voluptuous night in MASQUERADE.”

He spake: her ready wand th’ enchantress waves, 125
Proud of his vows, and summons all her slaves.

In

In lucid cystal flows the sparkling wine,
 Fruit of the Gallic or Iberian vine ;
 Soft-thrilling melody dissolves the soul,
 And round in clouds Sabæan odours roll. 130
 In rush the motley throng ; of shape and hue,
 Strange as e'er fancy form'd, or pencil drew ;
 Quakers that ne'er of inward light had heard,
 Friars unshorn, and Jews without a beard ;
 Nuns, with no title to the sacred name 135
 But what their hopes of absolution claim ;
 Pert Mussulmen that ne'er the Koran read,
 Spaniards all life, and Harlequins all lead.
 Fame, on St. Paul's who took her awful stand,
 Sent the loud tale in thunder through the land. 140
 White's fullen offspring heard the piercing sound,
 And dropp'd their cards in terror on the ground :
 The Dilettanti trembled as it flew,
 Turn'd pale with envy, and blasphem'd *vertù*.
 If future beaux shall in th' historic page 145
 Retrace those æras of domestic rage :
 When noisy Taycho fir'd the graping rout,
 Defied the axe, the tower, and the gout ;
 Now by mad factions was in triumph drawn,
 Now flatter'd by *protesting saints in lawn* ; 150
 When many a Judas, for the part as fit
 As that arch-traitor known in holy Writ,
 A monarch's hand with humble kisses prest,
 Yet aim'd their secret daggers at his breast :

Say

DRESSING THE HAIR. 129

Say, shall not Florio's name, in spotless white, 155
 Gild the dark annals with a gleam of light?
 And oh, distinguish'd youths! if thus ye tread
 The paths of fame, by such examples led;
 Whileround your couch the power of slumber strews
 His drowsy poppies, dropping balmy dews, 160
 Those guardian Sylphs, which o'er the night preside,
 To brighter visions shall your fancy guide;
 Oft your invention with new modes supply,
 The ruffle's pattern, or the sword-knot's dye.
 May no grim dæmon of the footy throng, 165
 With horrid clamour of his matin song,
 The sweet enchantment of your slumber break,
 Nor watchman's yell, nor milkmaid's piercing
 shriek!

Your ears may no rude clink of hammers wound,
 No rattling coaches o'er the pavement found, 170
 No horrid spectres vex your soft repose
 With dreams of bets unpaid, and lost *rouleaus*!
 Soon as ye wake, the pleasing toil renew,
 And the great business of your life pursue.
 Let gloomy pedants, till their eyes are sore, 175
 Hunt all the rubbish of past ages o'er;
 Let the dull train their midnight lamp suspend,
 And with pale cheeks o'er musty legends bend:
 But no such rude convulsion to sustain,
 Hath Nature's hand compos'd your tender
 brain;

180

She the soft mass of subtlest fabrick wrought,
 And spun the nerves too delicate for thought.
 Your rosy youth shall learning's canker blight,
 Or studious vigils dim your aching sight ?

For you their hoarded grain contractors spare; 185
 And starve the poor, to beautify your hair.
 In Zembla's joyless clime, where frost severe,
 And darkness, share the mutilated year,
 For you, through desarts of eternal snow,
 Intrepid hunters track their shaggy foe. 190

Oh, if some nymph of Drury's artful race
 Should tempt you thoughtless to her lewd embrace,
 While in her blood the dire infection reigns,
 And more than lust inflames her throbbing veins ;
 Should the foul poison upward force its way, 195
 Taint your young bones, and on your marrow prey ;
 Unbated its corrosive influence spread,
 And shake the tresses from your drooping head ;
 How will your songs the victor's force proclaim,
 Who launch'd the javelin with unerring aim ; 200
 Saw the rough savage panting on the ground,
 And tore his entrails from the reeking wound ;
 Then from the caul bade his associates part
 The choicest fat, and treasure up with art !

On your bare temples shed the copious store, 205
 Till the rich unction gluts each thirsty pore :
 And soon th' effusion of that magic dew
 Shall the lost honours of your head renew,

DRESSING THE HAIR. 131

As gentle showers the fertile soil pervade,
Swell the unfolding feed, and infant blade. 210
Ere Nature can her wonted strength regain,
Worn out in struggles with disease and pain,
Like withering plants beneath inclement skies,
Weak and distemper'd the young shoots will rise.
Yet *myrrh*, sweet-bleeding from the wounded
rind, 215

Shall close their texture, and the fibres bind:
Obedient shall each tortile ringlet feel
The glowing pressure of coercive steel;
Rang'd by the comb, its lasting form retain,
While fogs descend, and tempests rage, in vain. 220

See the Friseur disclose his ample store,
And all his implements of toil explore!
The various *comb* to various cares applied,
Now to compose the ringlets, now divide;
Pomatum with undying odours fraught, 225
Wool from Siluria's fable fleeces brought;
The glowing *forceps*, the confining *pins*,
With skill he ranges, and the work begins.
While his quick hand inweaves the crisped hair.
A *mirror* in your snow-white fingers bear; 230
From curl to curl the happy progress trace,
Exhaust his art, and labour every grace.

Let pointed wires each waving hair restrain,
When eddying whirlwinds sweep the dusty plain.

Hapless that youth, who, when the tempest flies, 235
Unarm'd each rushing hurricane defies !

In vain on barbers or on gods he calls,
The ringlets yield, the beauteous structure falls ;
Nor less, when soft-descending showers prevail,
Dread the moist influence of the Southern gale : 240
Oft will its tepid breath the curls unbend,
While dropping dews from every spire depend.
Yours be the care to watch, with cautious eye,
When threatening clouds portend a tempest nigh.
Mark the papilio-race ; the little elves, 245
As gay, as soft, as filken as yourselves,
To vernal suns their painted wings unfold,
But shun the driving blast and wintery cold.

When stern November, fullen, dark, and drear,
Loads with thick fogs the slow-revolving year ; 250
When, drench'd in rain, the moisten'd fields betray,
Too sure, the foot-steps of the trembling prey :
Let fearless hunters clear the opening hound,
Vault o'er the deep-sunk trench, or rising mound ;
Now thunder headlong down the mountain's
side, 255

Now plunge impetuous in the roaring tide.
Leave toils like these to some Herculean race,
Nor try the savage pleasures of the chace.
When dogs and men unite in deafening cry,
To the loud shout while heaven and earth reply ; 260
You'll wish to check the maddening steed in vain,
And press too late the unavailing rein.

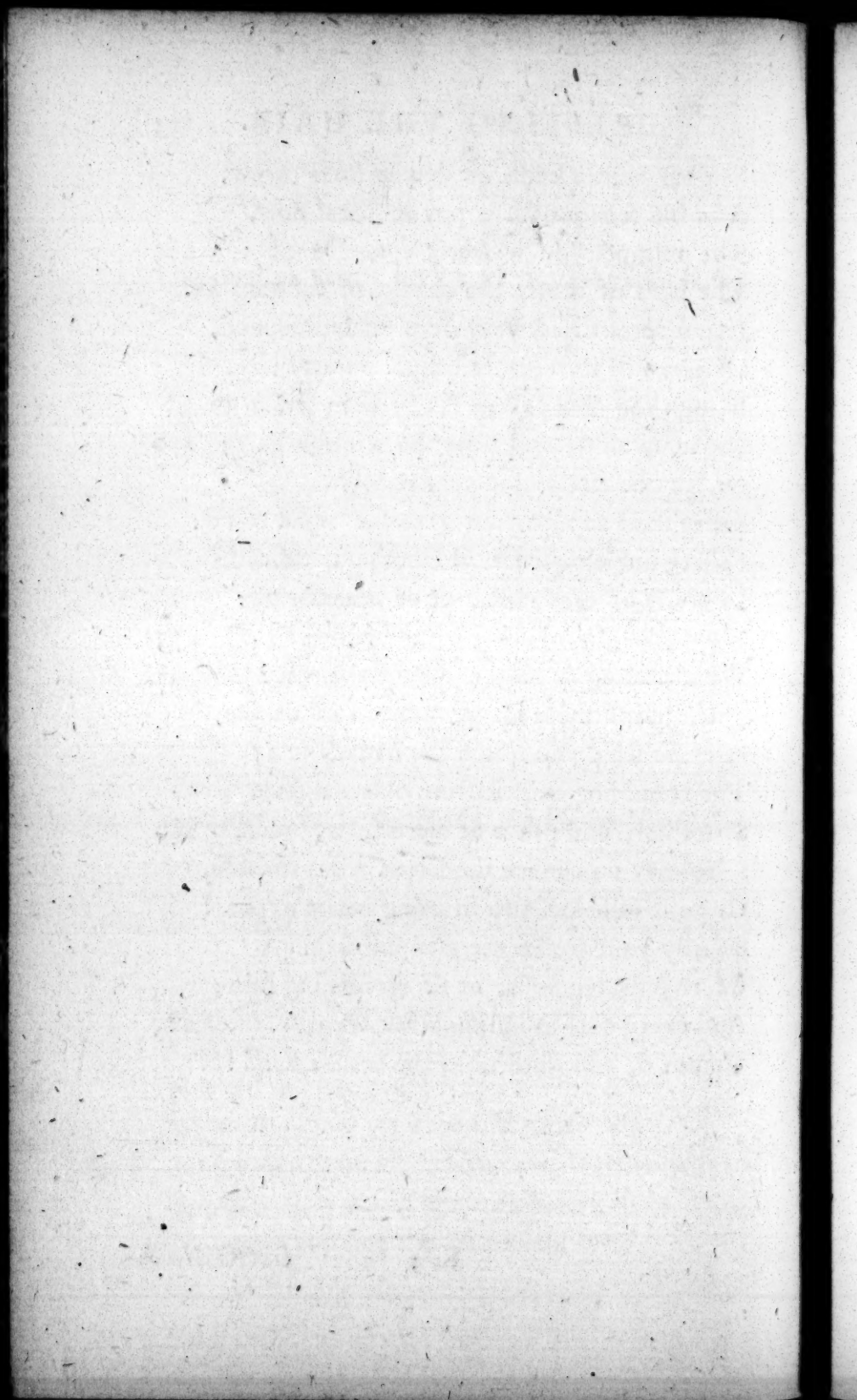
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DRESSING THE HAIR. 133

Your gentle limbs on downy sofas throw,
 And bid secure each happy moment flow,
 Not unimprov'd: in secret conclave mix; 265
 The laws of dress, the change of fashions fix.
 If ponderous *clubs* shall from behind depend,
 Or *queues* in formidable length descend;
 If high the double curl shall rise in air,
 Shoot up aloft, and leave the temples bare; 270
 Or, in one circle of extensive fold,
 Belles shall admire your graceful tresses roll'd:
 Exert your eloquence, display your taste,
 In praise of *wash-balls*, or of *almond-paste*:
 What *dentrifice* a lasting white bestows? 275
 What healing *lip-salve* emulates the rose?

If, 'midst these solemn subjects of debate,
 In critic-scale you weigh the Muse's fate;
 The trembling culprit from oblivion save,
 Spare her, and prove as merciful as brave. 280

So may no chance the latent wires disclose,
 Or your false locks to tittering belles expose!
 So may your tresses the attack sustain
 Of ruffling tempests, or of moistening rain;
 And every curl in lasting order stand, 285
 Unmov'd, and faithful to the artist's hand!



ORIGINES DIVISIANÆ:

OR

THE ANTIQUITIES

OF

THE DEVIZES.

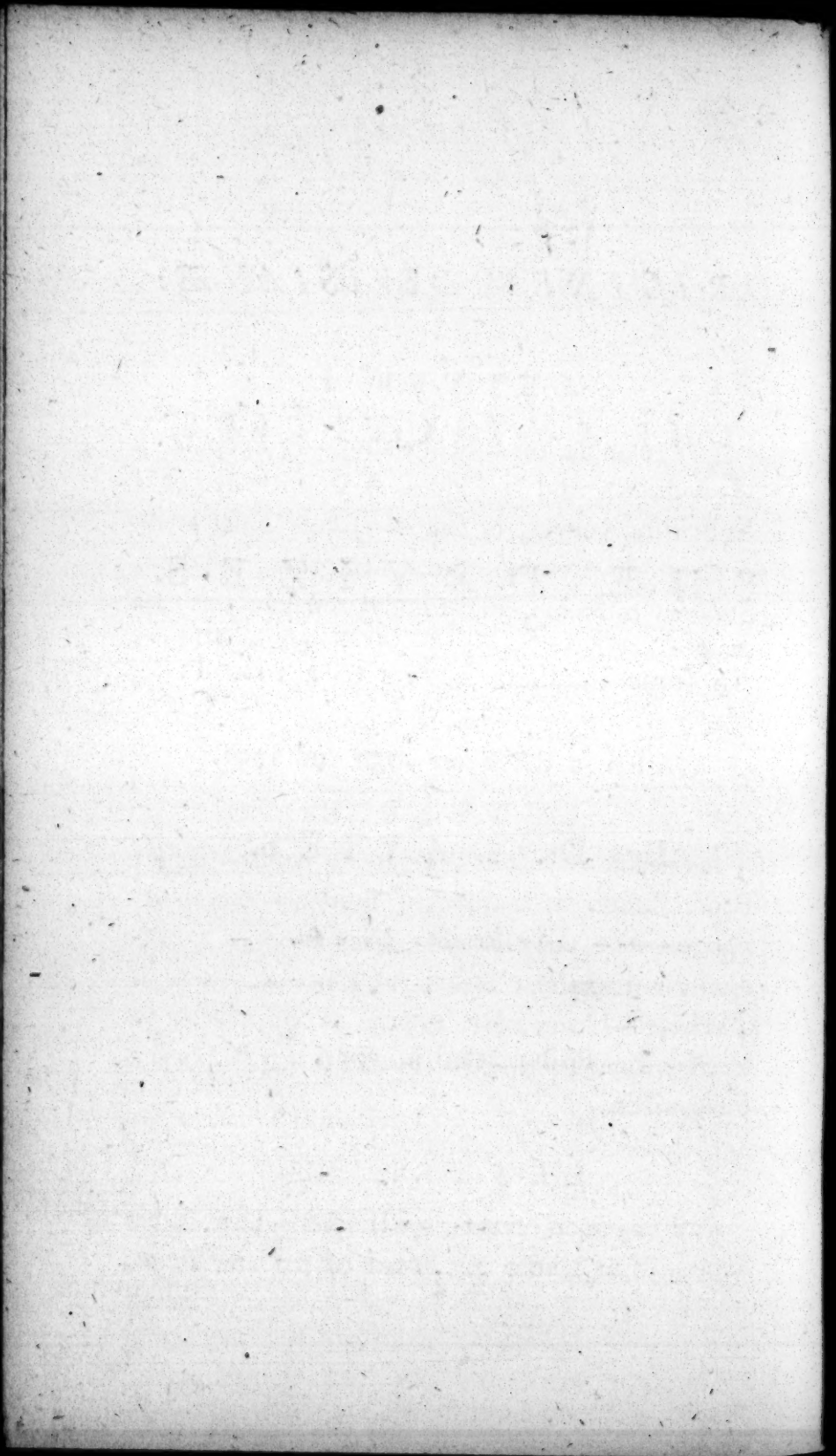
In some Familiar Letters to a Friend:

Written in the Years 1750 and 1751.

By Dr. DAVIES.

— — Αρχαιοισι φιλεχθρως ενεστ.

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L E T T E R

L E T T E R I.

DEAR SIR,

THERE is a particular fondness in all mankind, that I have yet met with, for the places of their nativity. Whether this preference be woven in our constitutions, or is the effect of education, cannot certainly be determined. Other incidents may fall-in; connexions with relations or friends, particular interests, or the pleasing remembrance of the innocent amusements and diversions of childhood, may have their share in forming it. I am not therefore surprized at your affection for The Devizes, nor at the constant inquiries you are making among your Friends concerning its Antiquities. This passion Virgil seems to have felt in a natural manner, when he makes his Shepherd complain so feelingly,

“Nos dulcia linquimus arva:”

and when the course of the Georgick brings him in sight of his Mantua, he laments its ruin in the following passionate line:

“Et qualem infelix amisit Mantua campum.”

To gratify this desire of yours, I have catched at

every thing relating to the town, which casually offered itself in the progress of my studies; and, if any particulars occurred, I thought myself possessed of a valuable acquisition, because it would give you pleasure. The few that have come to my knowledge, I communicate to you.

They who are but moderately acquainted with the study of the early English antiquities must soon have been convinced, that they are engaged in a dry and uncomfortable task, and obliged to plunge through many difficulties, and puzzle through a variety of perplexities; the originals of facts lying confused and involved, and are to be found out only, like rattle-snakes, by their tails. Here truth is as closely blended with error, as lights and shades in painting; it being very difficult even to a discerning eye to determine in a well-executed picture where the shade ends, or the light begins. The monuments, which the Romans left behind them in Britain, are greatly disfigured and changed by the barbarity of the succeeding conquerors; they left no traces of arts or sciences behind them, and indeed nothing but what is now become valuable ruins. These, though they have greatly advanced the prices of estates, yet have embarrassed the English antiquary. His curiosity however is not to be censured, for making attempts toward explaining them, if his views are but properly regulated.

Would

Would the writers upon these subjects permit modesty and reason now and then to step into their minds, they would restrain their loose imaginations, and keep within the bounds of useful and beneficial knowledge. Their readers too would be freed from perusing long and lifeless books, made up chiefly of fanciful suppositions, instead of well-grounded facts; which has been too much the case in the point before you.

The later authors who mention this town are desirous of giving it an early original. I will acquaint you with their sentiments, and leave them to your own decision, as well as the cursory remarks that lie intermixed. Some would have this town British, some Roman, and others Saxon. They, who contend for its being British, assert Dunwallo to have been its founder, or Divisus. The first opinion has had the ill-fortune to be supported, neither by facts, nor even by probabilities. Doctor Stukeley is a kind of a sort of a patron of the last. Though in his *Itinerarium Curiosum* * he earnestly contends for this town being the same with the *Punctuobice* of an anonymous Writer of Ravennas, and by this gives it the honour of a Roman structure; yet, in his *Stonehenge* †, he is in some distress to determine, whether it might not have been built by

* P. 136, 137.

† P. 48.

an old British King Divisus, whom he himself christened Divitiacus. These curious suggestions will by and by require an attentive consideration, when your Friend has nothing else to do.

I know of no authority relating to the British affairs, that go farther back than the account delivered by Julius Cæsar: and the succeeding Claf-fical Authors themselves assure us, that he knew little more than their out-lines *. The subsequent writers are too general to be proper evidences for the Doctor. I never heard of any ancient books remaining of the Britons; they are all lost, if they ever subsisted. The language only remains; and the recondite Antiquary finds facts of history upon the radices of this, as the mysterious Hutchinsonian builds systems of philosophy upon Hebrew ones. These etymologies have furnished out great attempts for wonderful discoveries, the words having

* Horace calls in his time the Briton "intactus." Lucan says the Romans

"Territa quæsitis ostendunt terga Britannis."

Propertius, in his compliment to Augustus, adds,

"Te manet invictus Romano Marte Britannus."

Tacitus is very precise in his evidence when he says of Julius Cæsar, "illum Britanniam tantum ostendisse non tradidisse Romanis."—And Strabo says, Δις δὲ δέσση Καῖσαρ εἰς τὴν νῆσον ὃ θεός· ἐπαινῆθαι δὲ διὰ ταχέων ἔδδεν μέγα διαπραξάμενος, ἔδδεν προελθὼν ἐπὶ πολὺ τῆς νήσου, κ. τ. λ. Edit. Amstel. 1707. p. 306.

been

been tortured and woven into a delicate texture of flimsy probabilities*.

Dr. Musgrave thinks it a Roman town, but its ancient name lost†. He has produced some grounds for his conjecture from the many Roman antiquities found in its neighbourhood. I wonder that the Antiquaries have not availed themselves of the advantages that arise from its name: from hence might start a pregnant hint for a visionary in Antiquities. The word *Devizes* is very near the Latin *Divisæ*. This looks something like a Roman word; and indeed, could the word be traced clearly back to the Roman times, it would be a reasonable proof of the place itself being a Roman work. The Romans left Britain about the year *ccccclxxvi*; the Saxons and Danes kept possession till *mlxvi*; barbarous and ignorant nations, who extirpated the people, and almost the language, of Rome. The monks however preserved some relicks of the tongue out of this general devastation. William of Malmesbury, the most accurate

* The uncommon advantages of Etymological knowledge you will find very handtomey handled by a Friend of mine in his ingenious treatise on Barley Wine; who is a merry Greek, and sensible even when Carotic or Carybaric: and indeed always, but when he is delicate, *V. Οἶνος Κρητινός*, p. 23, and a dissertation upon *Glosses*.

† Belg. Britan. i. 124.

and sensible writer of all the Monkish historians, has retained some Roman names of towns; among others, he calls the Bishop of Lincoln, *Episcopus Lind-colniensis* *, that is, *Lindi colonizæ*. This writer all along calls this town *Divisæ*. But Roger Hoveden, under the years *MLXIII* and *MLXXII*, and Dugdale's *Monasticon*, use this word for boundaries †; and the ancient lawyers, as Bracton, ‡ and Fleta §. Whether these intimations are credible, or what these boundaries meant, the Author will not take upon him to determine.

It is by no means probable that this town was a Saxon building in the time of Alfred, as the annotator on his life is reported to have advanced; for the name would then have had some Saxon termination, which no one has yet ventured to assert. Nor can it be allowed to have had its name from a division of lands between King Stephen and Roger Bishop of Salisbury; because the grant of these lands was made to Roger before Stephen was King; and no division of lands appear to have been made, or possibly could be, between Stephen and Roger, as will appear below. So that all the scene here laid before you is, like Milton's Chaos,

“As dark as Erebus, or Night.”

The Roman coins and Penates found in its neigh-

* *Hist. edit. Savil. p. 103. 9.* † *i. 3. 373. 858.*

‡ *108. b.* § *l. iv. c. 2. § 17. & c. 6 § 8.*

bourhood do not prove the town Roman, because these might have been hid in fields. It is very reasonable to believe it a town not known in or near Antoninus's time; because no traces can be found of it in his Itinerary. That it was the *Punctobice* of Ravennas wants clearer proofs than can be wire-drawn from an unmeaning, unaccountable, and an absurd Etymology. Though the Via Ikena, according to Mr. Wise*, points to Abury, it does not prove that it passes through The Devizes. There are no marks left of any Roman works in or near the place, unless that near Roundway Hill be a Roman camp; which would prove as well Calne, and all the towns under the downs, which have Roman camps in their neighbourhood, to have been Roman. Another reason why it could not be so, may be derived from the nature and situation of the place. The Romans were too well instructed, to build a town at such a distance from a river, unless upon a causeway; at which Mr. Wise has made a fair point, but nothing arose. Mr. Camden, with his usual prudence and judgment, has kept clear of all intimations that might carry this place into any remote antiquity.

We can indeed go no further back than, where you have often formerly played, the Castle; which engages you even now in amusements almost as

* Wise's White Horse, p. 43.

trifling and insignificant as the diversions of your childhood. But, since we are come to this spot, here you may set your feet upon firm ground. I am obliged however to tread with caution, and to follow the footsteps of the earliest Monkish historians; for their successors are very busy in adding largely to their facts; they are not contented to deliver them as they were handed down, without intruding some of their own unaccountable inventions into the relations of their predecessors.

You may from hence conclude, that I have a strong passion for Antiquities; yet there is no one that gives me so much pleasure as an old Friend, which I am satisfied you are to him that assures you he is, Dear Sir,

Very much yours.



L E T T E R II.

DEAR SIR,

AN old woman, who shewed Lord Bathurst's fine place by Cirencester, was asked by a Gentleman that came to see it—"Pray what building is that?"—"Oh, Sir, that is a ruin a thousand years old, which my Lord built last year; and he proposes to build one this year half as old again." This absurdity is scarcely greater than
what

what is seriously practised by modern Antiquaries. Dr. Stukeley is for carrying the Castle of The Devizes into the legendary state of the old Woman. There is no authority to place it higher than MCXXXII, when it was built by Roger Pauper. You must be let into the history of this person, because the fate of the Castle followed the fate of the man.

We are assured by Thomas Wykes*, that Roger came over with Prince Henry from foreign parts (which must have been Normandy), a secular priest, and *poor* from his name. He attached himself to the inclinations and interests of the Prince, who made him his Chaplain. We have the authority of William of Malmesbury, who was personally acquainted with Roger, for his being privy counsellor to Henry after he became king, and then his first favourite; who made him Chancellor, and after Bishop of Salisbury. The king, finding his abilities and address in governing his diocese very singular, committed to him the care of the whole Kingdom. Roger declined this important and dangerous charge, till he was obliged to comply by the injunctions of three Archbishops and the Pope. He acquitted himself in this employment without censure or even envy, the usual companions of Prime-ministers; discharging all his ecclesiastical

* Chronic. p. 26.

affairs every day in the morning, that he might afterwards do the public business without interruption. He lived with magnificence, and spent great sums in buildings, particularly at Salisbury and Malmesbury; where the structures were very large, very beautiful, and very expensive. The work was executed with such surprizing neatness, that the joints in the stones were not perceptible; which made the whole pile look as if it was formed out of one solid piece. He built the Cathedral of Salisbury from the ground, and adorned it with ornaments in so rich a manner as to make it the most delicate structure in England*. Roger, as well as Stephen, and many of the first people of the kingdom, had given an oath to King Henry I., that they would promote the succession of his daughter Matilda. Notwithstanding this, the Bishop, upon the death of King Henry, went into the interests, and engaged in the party, of Stephen; and in mccccv was present at his coronation†. This Historian in another place says, he heard the Bishop affirm many times, that he was absolved from the oath he made to King Henry; because it was given upon condition, that the King did not marry his daughter to a foreigner without the privity of the Bishop and the rest of the Nobility;

* Malmsh. Hist. 91. 2.

† Ib. Hist. Novell. 101. 2.

but that the nuptials had been conducted only by Robert Earl of Gloucester, and two more. Malmesbury adds, that he does not mention this because he believed the Bishop's words true (whom he knew to be a master of all the dexterity that was necessary to accommodate himself to the temper of the times), but because he thinks himself obliged, as an impartial Historian, not to omit it *.

The nation, in the year MCXXXVIII, began to run into factions and tumults: the principal people, being ripe for an insurrection, made bold applications to King Stephen for grants of lands and castles. Stephen, delaying to gratify their solicitations, incensed and irritated them to fortify castles without his permission, and against his interests; and likewise to make excursions and depredations on the lands of the Crown †. Stephen overlooked this for the present, knowing that the Earl of Gloucester was preparing for a descent from Normandy, to support his sister Matilda's claim to the Crown. He viewed therefore the great castles, that were fortified by his subjects, with a jealous eye; and in the following year seized many, or forced them to surrender. These circumstances made him look upon Roger Bishop of Salisbury and Alexander Bishop of Lincoln, the two most powerful Bishops, with

* Malmsh. Hist. 99.

† Malmsh. Hist. Nouvell. 102. 2.

particular suspicions. Alexander had built a Castle at Newark; and Roger one at Sherburn, and another at The Devizes, inclosing a large tract of ground, with many buildings adorned with turrets. He had now likewise begun another at Malmesbury; that of Salisbury, granted to him by Henry I. was fortified for the Bishop's usual residence and protection. The envy of the Laity was raised to a high degree, to see themselves exceeded by the Clergy in power and possessions; which gave occasion to jealousies being instilled into the King. He, having address enough to stifle his intentions till a favourable opportunity offered, summoned a Parliament, to meet at Oxford on the 24th of June; where these two Prelates attended, with the Nobility. Roger informed our Historian, that he found within himself, he knew not why, a strong disinclination to this journey. Here happened an unfortunate quarrel between the attendants on the Bishop and those of Alan Earl of Britain, which very favourably coincided with the designs of the King. The contest began with words, but ended with blows: the swords of the Bishop's men prevailed, the Earl's were put to flight. This incident gave the King an opportunity to convene the Bishops, in order to procure satisfaction for the insult offered his court: and to insist upon the surrender of the keys of their Castles, till a suitable reparation was made.

made. Upon their declining to comply, the King commanded them to be detained, Roger without chains; but Alexander his Nephew, or more than his Nephew, in irons. They were sent and committed to The Devizes, a castle built at a vast expence, not for the ornament, but, as it now truly appeared, for the detriment of the Church. Nigel Bishop of Ely had escaped from the King, and, threw himself into it. The King besieged it; and during the siege, the castles of Salisbury, Sherburn, and Malmesbury, were delivered up. That of The Devizes held out; but Roger vowing a voluntary fast, to induce the Bishop of Ely to surrender, obliged him to it in three days. The Bishop of Lincoln purchased his liberty at the expence of his castle.

Henry Blois, Bishop of Winchester, Stephen's own brother, and the Pope's Legate, summoned the King to appear before a Council of Bishops at Winchester, to answer for his apprehending Roger within the limits of his court, and Alexander within his own house; for forcing the Bishop of Ely to fly for protection to The Devizes; and for taking possession of their estates. The King, refusing to obey the citation in person, sent his Attorney; who charged Roger heavily with disaffection, and asserted that the King did not seize him as a Bishop, but as his servant: that, having found a little money in his castles, he took it as a lawful prize, being a
treasure

treasure acquired out of his uncle's, the late King's, revenues: and that the castles were not seized, but voluntarily surrendered. Roger answered, that he never was this King's servant; and threatened an appeal to a greater Tribunal. The Legate insisted upon his brother Stephen's conduct being contrary to the canons; and demanded a restitution to be made to the injured Bishops. The Archbishop of Roan interposed; and advanced, that Bishops had no right to castles by the canons; and, if they had, they ought to deliver them up to the King in times of public danger. The King's Attorney assured them, that, if any person went to Rome to solicit this affair, he should certainly find it an extreme difficulty to return. This prevented the Legate from proceeding to extremities; and thus the whole business dropped *.

Matthew Paris † will inform you, that this was the most splendid Castle in Europe: which we have seen above to have been a short and dangerous possession to its proprietor. Roger lived but a little time after; he died on the 11th of December, of a quartan ague; but rather, as it is said, of a heart broken by the numerous and heavy injuries he received at the hands of King Stephen ‡. Matthew

* Malmsh. Hist. Nouvell. 102. b.

† Hist. Angl. Watts, p. 77. l. 33.

‡ Malmsh. Hist. Nouvell. Savill. 104. a.

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Paris, in the place above cited, affirms, that the King took from the Bishop, and out of this Castle, a treasure sufficient to purchase a marriage for his own son Eustace with Constantia sister to Lewis King of France. Henry Knyghton * asserts the sum to have been 40,000 marks.

You, Sir, know the true use of riches too well to hoard them up, which seem to have been the cause of this Bishop's ruin. In his fate you see the truth of that bold and beautiful metaphor in an old unfashionable book, which I quote because you possibly may not have it by you, "Riches make to themselves wings, and fly away." That this may not be your case, is heartily wished by

Your, &c.

L E T T E R III.

D E A R S I R,

THOUGH you may have heard very often, that every man's house is his castle; yet you may not have observed, before this catastrophe of the Bishop's, that many a man's castle proves his prison. You will see an instance similar to this im-

* Script. Decem, p. 2385. l. 52.
mediately.

mediately. On the 25th of April, *MCXLI*, this castle of The Devizes was seized by Robert son of Hubert, a young man of a profligate character, abandoned to cruelty, rapine, and blasphemy. In this he intended to defend himself, till he could send for forces out of Flanders; and gave out very audaciously, that then he would be master of all the country from Wiltshire to London. But John, who was master of the castle of Marlborough, a man of stratagem, caught him, put him in chains, and hanged him; because he would not surrender to the Empress Matilda: so that the punishment, he deserved from the King he opposed, was inflicted upon him by a person of the party he had been attached to*.

We hear nothing about this Castle for almost a hundred years after. The memory of it before had probably never been preserved, had it not been for the misfortunes that attended the Bishop who built it; and the deserved, though the unexpected, fate of Robert who seized it. I shall therefore hasten to another scene, that made it remarkable among the Historians by the imprisonment of Hubert de Burgo; who makes a great figure in the reign of Henry III. This unfortunate man may make you rejoice in the happiness of a snug retirement, and give you some amusement, by seeing how preca-

* *Malmsh. Hist. Nouvell.* 105. 2.

rious are the possessions of power and honours. You will receive the account from extracts made out of Matthew Paris, contemporary with Hubert. He must have been well acquainted with the history of those times, which indeed were terrible, from the weakness and bigotry of the Prince, the artifices of the Priests, and the tyranny of the Pope. We ought to think ourselves extremely happy, who are placed at such a distance, and under such security from the influences of so cruel and so detestable a scheme of policy, profanely called Religion.

Hubertus de Burgo was made Chief Justice of England in MCCXXII *; but soon fell under suspicions, for procuring a bull from the Pope, to invest the exercise of the regal authority in the King before he was of age †. The Nobility grew disaffected to the King, because he would not displace Hubert ‡, who was suspected of poisoning the Earl of Salisbury at an entertainment made at his own house ||. However, he preserved his interest with his master, and was made Earl of Kent §, and two years after became his first minister **. The King designed to make a descent upon Normandy, to recover the possessions of the Crown; a great army was raised; but the number of transports were not

* Matth. Paris, 315, 37. † Ib. 318, 14.

‡ Ib. 320, 6. || Ib. 328, 53.

§ Ib. 337, 10. ** Ib. 353, 23.

half enough to carry over the troops, which rendered the attempt ineffectual. Upon this, Hubert was suspected of holding a treasonable correspondence with France*. A general plunder was made, all over England, on the barns of the Roman † religious houses, by parties of men under arms. The Pope was made acquainted with it; who wrote to the King with his own hand, sharply expostulated with him for permitting such acts of injustice, and empowered Peter de Rupibus to detect and excommunicate the aggressors. Hubert was discovered, in the inquiry into this business, to have indemnified the pillagers under the King's Letters Patents‡. The real cause of this violence arose from the Romans having forcibly deprived the Gentlemen of their advowsons ||. Peter by this time gained a great ascendant over the King, and had influence enough to get Hubert displaced §. Henry's revenues being much reduced, he, by the advice of Peter, called his ministers to account, and Hubert among the rest. Hubert particularly was loaded with breaches of trust, and almost all kind of imputations ** ; and after this even of high treason ††. He petitioned for time, to bring in his answer to

* Matth. Paris, 363, 39.

† Qu. If the Author does not mean some houses, daughters to monasteries in Italy.

‡ Matth. Paris, 375, 43.

|| Ib. 376, 30.

§ Ib. 376, 34.

** Ib.

†† Ib. 377, 8.

such

such a variety of accusations ; and was allowed it. But, finding himself under the displeasure of the King, and deserted by his friends, he retired in great terrors to the Priory of Merton near London*. He was now further charged with having poisoned two men of quality, besides the Archbishop of Canterbury and another gentleman †. In short, all the crimes were heaped upon him, that either his enemies could suggest, or the Devil himself commit. This obliged him to take shelter in the church of Merton : for he dared not appear to give in his answer on the appointed day, for fear of the rage of the people ; who by these accusations were highly exasperated ‡. The King sent orders to the Mayor and citizens of London, to put themselves in arms, and to bring Hubert to him out of the monastery by force, either alive or dead ||. The common people were delighted with the orders, having gained an opportunity to gratify their detestation of a degraded minister, the most miserable of all objects. But the Earl of Chester, foreseeing the danger that might accrue to the public peace from an enraged mob, let loose under arms, prevailed upon the King to countermand their march, and command them back. The king after this was moved, by the intercessions of Ralph Bishop of Chester and

* Matth. Paris, 377, 8.

† Ib. 377, 35.

‡ Ib. 378, 2.

|| Ib.

the Archbishop of Dublin, to grant Hubert a further time, under his Letters Patents. This gave him an opportunity of taking a journey to St. Edmund's, to pay a visit to his wife; but this likewise was construed into a matter of suspicion: for it was insinuated into the King, that this journey would prove injurious to his affairs, because it gave Hubert an opportunity of increasing the disaffection of his people. The King then dispatched instantly Geoffry de Cranecumbe with a party of 300 horse, to bring Hubert back upon the peril of being hanged. He, being pre-acquainted with the orders, caught the alarm, and threw himself into a neighbouring chapel; where Geoffry delivered the King's orders, and commanded him to leave the sanctuary. Upon Hubert's refusal, he and his men tore violently out of his hands the crucifix he held, and sent to a smith to make a set of chains. As soon as the smith found who the prisoner was, he honestly and resolutely refused to make the chains, reproached the officer, and gave a great character of Hubert, recounting the particular actions of his life by which he had often preserved his country. Geoffry, upon this, ordered him to be bound with cords, conducted him to London, exposed him to the derision and insults of the mob, and lodged him safe in the Tower. The Clergy applied to the King, with their usual outcries against the violation
of

of the Church, and threatened the offenders with excommunication. The King found it most prudent to re-convey him to his chapel; but ordered the sheriffs of Hertford and Essex, upon penalty of death, to invest it, and starve Hubert. He employed himself perpetually at prayers, resigning himself up to the protection of God, and the comfort of a clear conscience. Though the King had now given peremptory orders, that no one should dare to intercede in his behalf, or so much as mention his name in his presence; yet the Archbishop of Dublin presumed once more to interpose. The King answered, that the only thing left Hubert, that could save his life, was, either to commit himself to perpetual banishment or a perpetual prison, or else to make a public profession that he had been a traitor. Hubert would submit to neither of these terms, but promised to withdraw out of the kingdom for a time. The King received in the meantime an information, that the treasure of this man was lodged in the New Temple. He made a demand of it, which Hubert consented to deliver up. The King however ordered the money to be counted and set down upon paper. Upon the search after the money, much gold and silver plate was found, with some very precious stones. This gave his enemies an alarm, and a handle to accuse him of pillaging the publick. The King, notwithstanding

all these violent measures, relented at last, and gave Hubert back all his lands that he had been possessed of by his Father's will and his own purchases*.

He was then sent a prisoner to the castle of The Devizes, and committed to the custody of four keepers †. Peter de Rupibus, having still the King's ear, influenced him to make a seizure upon the estates of some of his principal people; among which were Gilbert Basset and Richard Siward. The nation began to grow tumultuous, upon discovering that the councils of Peter occasioned these severe proceedings; and that the King was in the hands of a foreigner, who had brought so many of his own countrymen from Poitiers, that the nation swarmed with them ‡. Peter retained his usual aversion to Hubert, and procured from the King the custody of this Castle; that he might lose no opportunity, as it is said, to destroy his person. Hubert received notice of the design from some of his friends at court. In the night at one o'clock, on the eve of St. Michael, MCCXXXIII, while the rest of the guards were asleep, two of them conducted his escape: one watched, while the other took Hubert upon his shoulders, carried him through the area of the Castle, went out of the great gate, passed with difficulty a deep foss, ascended to the

* Matth. Par. 381, 9. † Ib. ‡ Ib. 386.

parish-church, and lodged him safe at the high altar. The two young men were unwilling to leave him, being determined to share his fortunes. The other guards, walking and missing their prisoner, were in great consternation, made immediate enquiries after him, and found him in the church with his chains on, carrying in his hands a crucifix. He was apprehended, and brought back to his prison. The news of this affair soon reaching Robert Bp. of Salisbury brought him to the castle, where he enjoined the guards to replace Hubert in the church, and upon their refusal excommunicated them. This Bishop, accompanied with Roger Bishop of London and other Prelates, had an audience of the King, laid Hubert's case before him, and succeeded in having the prisoner replaced; which the King consented to with reluctance, but commanded at the same time the sheriff to blockade the church, in order to starve the captive *. Soon after Hubert was released out of the church by his friends, who secured his escape with a party of armed men, and conveyed him safe to Wales, where he joined with the King's enemies †. These friends of his were Gilbert Basset and Richard Siward above-mentioned ‡.

* Matth. Par. 388.

† Ib. 389.

‡ Annal. Waverl. Gale ii. 195. Chron. Tho. Wykes, ib. p. 42.

What became of him after, Matthew Paris does not declare. I persuade myself that he lay snug in the mountains, possessed of a castle which Nature had rendered impregnable; and that he amused himself and others with a relation of his many uncommon escapes. Since therefore the Hero is landed safe on the Welsh shore, the relater has nothing at present more to do, than to drink your *bon repos*, and wish you a good night, with that heartiness that becomes

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R IV.

DEAR SIR,

YOU will find I have not done with the Castle yet; and I am sure you will think it but common justice to spend a long time upon so large and extensive a work. It ought to be viewed deliberately through a pair of diamond cut spectacles of some grave and important Antiquary; these will magnify its site, and multiply its years. Though you find it in times of yore a strong fortification, a modern Virtuoso makes little or nothing of it. He indeed *builds much* upon it, and lays the foundation of Roger's castle upon the ruins of a Roman one
and

and all good authority. He destroys all Norman works as soon as you can smoke a pipe of tobacco; but his visionary reasons, like your whiff, vanish into air. I fear we must look upon it only as a Norman structure; how long it stood before it was dismantled, cannot certainly be determined. In Mr. Camden's age, it was greatly impaired and deformed by Time; and, probably soon after,

“Etiam hæ periere ruinæ!”

There is no reason to think it was repaired again; for we hear nothing of it at the civil wars, in that memorable action between the forces of the King and Parliament.

This Castle had its Wardens, a few of which I present you with. These offices carried great advantages with them to a peaceable subject, but a snare to an ambitious one. Mr. Madox has proved clearly, in his *Baronia Anglica*, that most of the ancient Baronies flowed from the tenure of castles.

Philip de Albini, 3 Hen. II. MCLVI.

Ralph Wilington, 17 Hen. III. MCCXXXII.

Peter de Rupibus, 18 Hen. III. MCCXXXIII.

John Plesset, 19 Hen. III. MCCXXXIV.

Ditto, 37 Hen. III. MCCLII.

Robert Nevil Lord Raby, 47 Hen. III. MCCLXII.

Philip Lord Basset of Wicomb.

Thomas Despencer, 48 Hen. III. MCCLXIII.

Philip Lord Basset, 54 Hen. III. MCCLXIX.

Hugo le Despencer, 1 Edw. II. MCCCVII.

Oliver de Ingham, 15 Edw. III. MCCCXI.

Though I am sensible this list is very imperfect, I have not leisure to compleat it by spending *six months* among the records in The Tower. If you have a mind to have it exact, you may go and consult the indefatigable Browne Willis, a man of a singular character; a genuine Antiquary, in learning, manners, habit, and person; so very extraordinary a man, that I think it worth my while to stop, and give you an account of him. I will acquaint you with his family; and point out his house by such particular marks, that you will know it at first sight.

The family fortune was honestly got by the great Thomas Willis, M. D. out of Cavaliers that were sick of the war, which impaired their constitutions. It was made by practice for *single fees*, before the funds were created, or Change-alley turned into a Court of Requests. He was a man of uncommon penetration, and saw further into the *heads** of mankind than any of his contemporary brethren; and wrote many ingenious romances in a pleasing and *nervous* style. He was well known to have dealt much with familiar spirits, called *animal*. Having a great command over them, he could, for the entertainment of his acquaintance, make a mil-

* V. de Cerebro.

lion of them dance a jig on the pineal gland of a fine lady, or on the point of a needle. He would fend them on errands God knows where, and remand them back as quick as thought. These obsequious beings always perched upon his elbow when he wrote a prescription; after that, instantly whipped into the palm of his right hand. He could place them all over on the outside of a fribble, or confine them to the finger of a fiddler, the hand of a sharper, the foot of a dancing-master, the toe of a foldier, the backside of a bully, the heart of a lover, and make them jump down through a crack into the hollow skull of a Methodist. This Doctor got the money for the son's purchase of this antique place; which indeed is a little crowded with *natural* plantations, the proprietor having made a vow always to live in a wood. The house is invested with large tall trees, which look formidable in decay, yielding an occasional habitation to a colony of rooks, who legally have enjoyed them by the most authentic prescription from Richard the First. The *vallum*, that incloses the garden, is a little out of repair; yet is never to be rebuilt by any of his heirs, but under a curse of pulling an old wall upon their heads. The moat which surrounds the house has always enjoyed a melancholy smoothness, unruffled by winds, and a stranger to a dimple; but has been many years changing its nature, and thick-

ening into earth. The unmolested gate loves and sticks to his threshold; a little wicket lets you into a court lined and over-shaded with yews, which make a solemn gloom. You need not knock at the door of the house; you may creep through it, or the previous walls will give you here and there an easy admittance. The furniture of the inside is suited to the outside. The hall is covered with green, resembling the *verde antique*; the parlour wainscotèd with oak, native of the place, and more than coæval with the house. The pannels are small squares intermixed with a little fluted pallustrade, which support, by way of capital, the faces of men, not much resembling human nature. The chambers are hung with a variety of silks and velvets worked in a kind of Mosaic*, in the manner of modern patchwork. His Father must have purchased them out of the Arundelian wardrobe; for the Son, by his indefatigable erudition in Antiquities, can incontestably prove them to have been the genuine remnants of Queen Elizabeth's Hoop-petticoats. A variety of ornaments appear everywhere: among a great deal of furniture impaired by time, you will see several statues that fell off

* Read *Musææ*; v. "Narr. to Lond" Desp. 220. Perhaps it should be read *Musaick*, from the resemblance to the ancient musical notes, which were written in squares, parallelograms, trapeziums, &c. as may be seen in all the ancient MS. Missals.

from crosses at the Reformation, and have looked as if they were in a fright ever since. They are all of his own collection, for his father brought no *images** with him from *Hincksey* †. There are Saxon busts of men or beasts, the species cannot well be determined; besides numberless fragments of painted glass, scraps of inscriptions, and inestimable shreds of old parchment-deeds. In his study, adorned with fretwork of pendent spiders webs, you might have seen a large collection of coins, down from Abraham to the Borough halfpenny. He had, before he presented them to the University of Oxford, the largest collection in the world of Townsman's halfpence, ten of which are nearly equal in intrinsic value to one of Wood's farthings; but in the extrinsic, vastly superior. Among his MSS. written with his own hand with incredible assiduity, you will see a laborious Dictionary of proper names of Lords, Abbots, Parliament-men, Gentlemen, Clergymen, and Parish-clerks, ever since the Saxon invasion: and in his accurate history of family affairs, you will find the most copious register or records of marriages, births, and burials, of any library in Europe. The grounds about his

* Tully takes many opportunities of saying he was not a man of *birth*; i. e. of *images*: particularly, De Leg. Agr. II. c. 36. ed. var.

† Anth. Wood, Ath. Oxon. ii. p. 549.

house have been remarkable for some considerable actions formerly; and now remain disfigured with many pits, dug, not for marle, gravel, or any other earthly use, but in search of Roman spears, Danish helmets, and Saxon stirrups. One remarkable cavity is said to have been formed by the proprietor himself, out of which this Mole of antiquity crawled, after having been buried some time in the last year's earthquake. He shews a botanical curiosity, which is not to be matched in any part of England, Europe, or the whole world. It is, Sir, a Willow-basket, propagated originally from the same plants of which was made the Druidian Wicker-basket mentioned by Julius Cæsar *; though some carry it no higher than the Bucking-basket well known in the merry reign of Henry the Fourth.

To this able Gentleman I refer you; and hope you will not repent of going to take a view of so uncommon a place, where the Master himself is the greatest of all his curiosities, a relique of remote antiquity! He has indeed made me go out of my way, which is an incident a little too common to writers on such subjects. If you will pardon this digression, I will return again to my point.

You have seen that castles have their periods; they rise, flourish, and decay; and seem as mortal as

* V. Bell. Gall. l. vi. c. 16.

the man that built them. Though they were once noble and amazing structures, they were, as Rome has been, and as my Lord Mayor's house will be, ruined by their own greatness. They ought not however to dazzle our eyes so much, as to make us conclude upon the greatness of their age from that of their bulk. No further allowance should be given to their years than that which is justified by authority; and this will not allow you to go one step farther back for the origin of your castle than **MCXXXII**; then it was certainly built. But what weight can so puny an author as your Friend is, who never yet published a sixpenny Pamphlet, have against so ponderous an author of some Folios? Mine is like the fate of Hector in Homer, or Turnus in Virgil, or the Devil's in Milton, which

“ Flew up, and kick'd the beam.”

I acknowledge myself to be a mean cockney to that great hunter after objects of antiquity, the renowned Antiquary of Lincolnshire, the incomparable, incomprehensible, unconvincible Dr. Stukeley, who affirms, very peremptorily affirms, “ That the
 “ town was inclosed by the Romans with a vallum
 “ and ditch,” though no traces of a vallum and ditch appear to any eye but his own: That “ this
 “ town took in the castle, which was originally
 “ Roman, but afterwards rendered impregnable by
 “ Roger

“Roger Bishop of Salisbury*.” I humbly conceive, the Roman castle, here mentioned, did not formerly stand on the hill where the wind-mills are now placed, but in the air.

You see the town is not only Roman, but the castle too, without the least probability, or the shadow of a proof. If the town must be linked with the castle, the former had better be fixed to the true date of the latter. This, I confess, will degrade it in the eyes of all zealots of antiquity, by paring it down from a Roman to a Norman structure: yet this is the most reasonable opinion. The extent and magnificence of the castle must have furnished a number of attendants, suitable to its greatness. Bread, meat, herbs, cloaths, and utensils, are the calls of necessity; which must be supplied by bakers, butchers, brewers, gardeners, shoemakers, and taylor, manufacturers and mechanicks. You see there is instantly a set of inhabitants fixed without the walls, to answer the exigences of those within. The cloystered Monks indeed kept arts and sciences close within their walls, which were scarcely ever known to come abroad but once, at the Reformation; but this was not the case of Castles. This great one then produced the town, as naturally as a Palace begets a village; or a Great Lord, villains.

* Itin. Curios. 137.

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As I am just come to the town after a fatiguing pursuit, it is necessary to pull in, and enter coolly. I shall take a peep over the pales at your villa, which is one of the most natural *modern* antiquities that has yet been seen by, Sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER V.

DEAR SIR,

AS to your town, no doubt but it was ancient, as has been asserted above; but not quite so old as the Flood, Babel, Babylon, or Rome. The inhabitants are not the worse for not having long pedigrees, or Roman blood in their veins; they may be contented with a descent no earlier than the Normans. It is honour enough, in these days, to derive our blood from the French, for we are not like to draw it from them any other way. Surely that nation was the common stock of all the Europeans; who are all dwindling into Beaux, Dancing-masters, Musicians, Fribbles, and Gamblers. Witness the genteel pigtail, the graceful movement, the harmonious hum, the jessamy cock of the hat, and the tradesmen's' books. They seem very much like your gallypots, which are lately gilded

gilded and new-lettered by order of the college of physicians; they are all gold without, but bitterness within. The complexion of the present age, you see, pleads strongly for this original, and carries this hereditary claim still further. Not only the cut of their cloaths and their diet, but their language is brought irresistibly into fashion. I hope, for the sake of Old England, that our acts of parliament will continue some time longer in English; though it is feared it may not do so, since the articles of a late peace have been penned in French; and since an able Speaker at the head of the War Office is fond of crowding French phrases into English parliamentary debates. You, Sir, in your place, have partaken of this degeneracy, and expelled the few remains of the old honest laborious Saxons; who early submitted and were incorporated with the Normans. They were wool-pickers, wool-combers, weavers, clothiers, and dyers. The industry of these brought riches into your town, which were preserved under the faithful custody of frugality. But now how are you changed, into delicacy and poverty, into embroidery on one day of the week, and dirtiness on all the rest! Sacks are thin in your market-place on Thursdays, but thick in your churches on Sundays. You have turned the grating of your woolcombs into the scraping of fiddles; the skreeking loom into the tinkling harpsichord; and

and the thumping fulling-mills into a glittering and contentious organ. Scents of perfumes are in your churches; and the odours of train-oil and fermenting urine are no more smelt amongst you. Your houses are ornamented with Bath stone, wrought into pediments, entablatures, and pilasters; your market-house (a stranger to wool-packs) is metamorphosed into a theatre for balls, and concertos, and oratorios.

So much for the present liberties of the town. I must now proceed to the ancient ones: but I am extremely embarrassed, at the very threshold, in opening my subject: being much disappointed and surprized not to find any character of your town in Mr. Madox's *Firma Burgi*. What I can collect is at your service; but I beg you would stop a minute and drink, for you will find the entertainment very dry.

19 Hen. II. MCLXXII. Those * manors or lands were properly taxable to the King, which he held in his own hands. Under these were comprehended the King's escheats and wardships. Upon this account, Guido the Dean and his fellows accounted for 40 s. received of the men de Divisis.

23 Hen. II. MCLXXVI. Twenty † mares were raised by the Sheriff, as an aid to the king.

* Madox, *Hist. Excheq.* p. 485.

† *Ib.* 420.

A * tallage or tax was assessed upon the King's demesns in Wiltshire; it was paid under the name of a donum: The Devizes paid, 8*l.* 12*s.* 10*d.*

10 Ric. I. mxcviii. In the † reign of King Richard, a tallage was raised upon his demesns, escheats, and wardships, and upon the burghs and towns of the realm. The men of The Devizes paid 30 mares.

1 Joh. mxcix. In the † reign of King John, there was a tallage on the King's manors in Wiltshire; among other places, the Villata de Divisis is in arrearage to the tallage.

mcc. The § next year, the Burgenfes de Divisis were charged with a debt of 12 mares and 1 horse, for a Royal charter, to confirm one which they had procured from his father.

11 Hen. III. mccxxvi. In the || reign of Henry III. an accord was made between John Mareschall, Keeper of the Castle of The Devizes, and the men of that town, concerning the seizures made upon the townsmen by the wardens of the Castle.

20 Hen. III. mccxxv. Sometimes towns were permitted to compound for the tallage. So ** the Villata de Divisis owes 100*s.* the remainder of the tallage.

* Madox, Hist. Excheq. p. 441.

† Ib. 484.

‡ Ib. 487.

§ Ib. 277.

|| Ib. 525.

** Ib. 511.

30 Hen. III. MCCXLV. The Villa de Divisi^s owes 12 mares of their tallage.

38 Henry III. MCCLIII. The knights of Wiltshire * ward to the castle of the Devizes; and in the Exchequer Rolls there is entered a Loquendum cum Domino Rege, or his council, concerning the Knights of Wiltshire, who owe wards to the castle, and have withdrawn them 20 years.

27 Ed. MCCXCIX. Margaret † Queen of England had settled ‡ upon her, by way of dower, the castle, town, and park of the Devizes, with the Forests of Milkeham, Chippenham, and Pewsey, and the manor of Rowde, with all appurtenances, in Wiltshire, to the value of 24 pounds.

I Ed. II. MCCCVII. The King § grants to Hugo le Despencer the Castle, which had been the dower of his mother Margaret.

25 Hen. VI. MCCCXLVII. The King || grants to his consort Queen Margaret, the castle, town, and park of The Devizes, with the forests of Milkeham and Pewsey.

It appears, from the particulars above-mentioned, that the King had demears in this town;

* Madox, Hist. Excheq. 491.

† Ib. 621.

‡ V. Rymer, Fœd. ii. 854. b.

§ Madox, Hist. Excheq. III. 66. a.

|| Ib. xi. 155. a.

that as early as King John the inhabitants were called *Burgenfes*; whereas before this they were called only, simply, *men*: that they had before King John's time, in that of his Father, a Charter of privileges. Though it seems reasonable to believe from hence, yet your friend does not chuse to assert positively, that these were the privileges of a borough, and that they sent either in King John's time, or even in his father's, representatives to the king's council.

There were two hospitals, in or near St. John's church-yard, under the government of the Mayor and Corporation; but formerly in the patronage of the King. One was for leprous persons, founded before MCCVII: for, by the roll of the 9th of John, a holiday was granted to the Lepers on the Eve of St. Dionysius. By the 1 H. IV. 1 Dec. MCCCXCIX, a grant was made out to Nicholas Coventre, chaplain of the government, of the hospital of St. John, in the king's town of Vize*.

I am as glad as you can be, that I am got safe through these heavy and unentertaining particulars; I am quite jaded in labouring through such a morass of antiquities. But you ought to know, that a writer on such subjects as these must omit not even the minutest incidents. It is not material whether

* Tanner, Notit. Monast. 604.

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they are of *consequence*, or whether any *useful* knowledge may be derived from them or not. To spoil so much ink, to abuse so much paper, and dangle away so much time, seems to be the principal design of Antiquaries ; and perhaps you will think of, Sir,

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R VI.

DEAR SIR,

TO make you some amends for the formal and circumstantial dryness of my last, I bring you nearer to your own time, by sending you an abstract of what occurred during the Civil Wars. I believe no extraordinary incident for many years before happened in your town, for I meet with nothing relating to it for a long interval. In the Civil Wars, indeed, it had its share of the public troubles.

After the bloody battle of Lansdown, the King's troops, commanded by the Marquis of Hertford, Prince Maurice, and the Earl of Carnarvon, left Marshfield, to join the King at Oxford, and marched to Chippenham. They were followed by Sir William Waller to The Devizes. As their march was ob-

N 2

structed,

fructed, it was determined that the Marquis should break through that night with the horse to Oxford: and, till a reinforcement could be brought from thence, that the Earl of Marlborough and Sir Ralph Hopton should with the foot and cannon stay behind, and defend themselves for a few days. The horse arrived safe at the King's quarters, and the Prince and Marquis to Oxford. Sir William Waller in the mean time took the advantage of their absence, and drew all his forces close up to the town. All the avenues to this open and defenceless place, where there could not be found even any dark remains of a Roman vallum and foss, were barricadoed by the King's party. The hedges and ditches, their only fortifications, were lined with foot, and some pieces of cannon were advantageously placed. Sir William knowing, by his exact intelligence, the departure of the General with the horse, surrounded the town, raised a battery upon a neighbouring hill, threw shot into it without intermission, and attempted to enter in many places, but was repulsed at all. Lord Crawford was now conveying a supply of powder to Marshfield, not knowing that the army was decamped and the horse separated. Sir William, having intelligence of the convoy, detached a strong party, who intercepted and took it. The commanding officer escaped with difficulty, having lost his

his ammunition and a troop or two of his horse. Sir William, assured of conquest, acquainted the besieged, that he was master of their powder, advised them to submit, and offered his mediation with the Parliament in their behalf: which brought on a short cessation of arms, in order to a treaty. Quarters only, and civil usage, were offered to the officers; but to the men, leave to return to their homes without their arms, unless they would voluntarily serve the Parliament. As the Officers could not submit to such terms, the treaty broke off. Yet, by this respite, the King's forces, both officers and soldiers, extremely harrassed and fatigued, gained a little refreshment, and saved some ammunition. The King sent Lord Wilmot and Prince Maurice back; the same day they arrived, with all his horse; but Prince Rupert's regiment appeared, about noon the next day, upon the plain within two miles, after more than a thirty-miles march. Lord Wilmot had 1500 horse, with two small field-pieces. The town was not acquainted with this expeditious and unexpected reinforcement; so that they made no attempt to join them. Waller, who was informed of it, in order to prevent a conjunction, placed himself directly in the way on Round-way hill, with 2000 horse, 500 dragoons, and a body of foot. He instantly charged Wilmot with his cavalry, without giving

him time to do any thing but form his men. After a sharp engagement for half an hour, the Parliament forces were disordered, routed, and driven down the precipices; which were almost as dangerous to the pursuers as the pursued. The foot kept their ground, making a shew of a gallant resistance; but Lord Wilmot, having been early master of their cannon, turned it upon them; and, with the Cornish men, just come up from the town, killed and took prisoners almost all of them. Waller lost near 1800 men, all his artillery, ammunition, baggage, and colours, meeting with a total defeat when he had promised himself confidently a complete victory. He flew to Bristol with a small train; whither it is neither my business nor inclination to follow him. However, this happy victory was of great use to the King's affairs, and likewise to the town, in removing the seat of war to a distance.

I heartily beg your pardon, Sir, for making excursions into the pleasing tracts of Modern History, and forgetting the most material Antiquities of your town, the Penates. As I make so full a confession, you can absolve me as effectually as any Priest of the Church, according to an observation made the other day in conversation upon this subject by an open, unreserved, and free Roman Catholick; who added, "We, you know, are
" charged

“ charged with making Gods out of the old useless
 “ Roman ones; and Dr. Middleton, who advanced
 “ this, was as great a devotee as any man in Eng-
 “ land—to scepticism. Poor man! he is certainly
 “ gone at least into purgatory, where, according to
 “ St. Austin’s opinion, he will be confined in the
 “ *limbus Patrum* as many years as he has lived
 “ minutes. For millions of ages must this bigot
 “ of morality welter in pain; unless, by a miracle
 “ undeservedly worked upon him, he should be
 “ mercifully convinced of that truth which he has
 “ elegantly and artfully opposed. Had he been
 “ acquainted with these Penates now before us, he
 “ would have said a great many amusing things on
 “ the surprizing analogy between the Lares of the
 “ ancient and modern Romans, and very plausibly
 “ launched out into the great use and convenience
 “ of having little portable Pocket Gods, that take
 “ up no more room than a Birmingham crucifix;
 “ or a Lady’s smelling-bottle. He ended with
 “ assuring us, he had still as much religion as his
 “ old acquaintance and benevolent friend, the
 “ late Mr. Pope; whose only creed was his Uni-
 “ versal Prayer, who kept the Commandments as
 “ strictly as most well-bred men, having never
 “ killed any body but Mr. Theobald with the
 “ pip, and never stolen any thing from any

“man living or dead, but once from my Lord
“Bolingbroke.”

Was your friend master of that noble Lord's incomparable elegance, you would receive a more agreeable account than a formal, cold, and lifeless detail of these Penates; twenty-one of which were dug up in the year MDCCXIV. by William Cadby, together with a Roman wine-vessel, which held about 6 gallons. Cadby, according to tradition *, being a great lover of strong beer, without doubt measured the vessel by ale measure. The 6 gallons English brings it very near the Roman Amphora. The Gods are said, by Dr. Stukeley, “to have
“been found in a cavity † inclosed with Roman
“brick.” It may be so: for Dr. Musgrave says, there was found with them a coin of Severus, which proves they were deposited in or after his times ‡.

The reason why the Romans hid their treasures was, to secure them from their enemies. The truth of this may be inferred from a passage in Spartianus's life of Pescenninus Niger §. Every foldier carried with him his money and portable things of value. When they were called out upon long hasty marches, dangerous expeditions, or to a determined

* Musgrave, Belg. Brit. i. 67.

† Itin. Curios. p. 137.

‡ Musgr. Belg. Brit. i. 125.

§ Casaub. edit. p. 114. D.

action, they deposited their valuables under a strong presumption of finding them again; this occasioned some to have been hid in fields. But, when they were attacked in their fortification, they deposited their treasures in the earth, where they were stationed: *qua data fossa*, upon this account, much of their money has been hid in their camps and towns. They were determined that their treasures should not fall with their bodies into the enemies hands; but chose to leave them, if they died, a legacy to posterity for an amusement, or rather an employment for some grave and indefatigable Virtuoso. So that it appears too hasty a conclusion to infer a Roman town from a few Roman relicks found in its neighbourhood.

The size and weight of the Penates may be seen in the following table, which omits two, as being either imperfect, or unintelligible, or unguessable.

Height. Weight.

Penates.				Inches.	oz.	dr.
1	Venus, of an excellent design,			6	$\frac{1}{4}$	11 4
2	Jupiter Ammon, - -			4	$\frac{1}{2}$	
3	Neptune, - - -			4		4 4
4	Hercules Ophinchus, -			4	$\frac{1}{4}$	6 4
5	Bacchus, - - -			4	$\frac{1}{2}$	4 5
6	An old man, not explained,			4		6 4
7	Pallas, - - -			3	$\frac{3}{8}$	
8	Virgo Vestalis, of Corin- thian brass, - - }			3	$\frac{1}{4}$	7 4
9	Vulcan, - - -			3	$\frac{1}{2}$	3 4
10	Mercury, - - -			3	$\frac{1}{4}$	
11	A man, not explained -			4		5 2
12	Romulus, Remus, and Wolf,			1	$\frac{3}{4}$	1 4
13	A bust, not explained, -			2		2 0
14	Apis, the Ægyptian Bull,			4		6 0
15	Anubis, the Ægyptian Dog,			3	$\frac{1}{2}$	6 4
16	Bucephalus Alexandri Mamm. - - - }			2	$\frac{1}{4}$	3 6
17	Bacchus, - - -					
18	Matronæ caput, - -					
19	A man, not explained, -			4		5 2

These Penates, having been dug up in the confines of your town, and near your Villa, bring me in sight of your own curiosities. I am in love with your cave, which is truly beautiful, because natural. The serpentine walks in the wood-work, the entertaining room, cellar, little buildings, patches of gardens, poultry-yard, pig-sties, and stables, give a complete idea of convenience against a famine, and a certain rusticity worthy the design of Columella,

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Columnella, or the retirement of Cicero in his exile. It has as much the air of Antiquity as any object really discovered in your neighbourhood by the most serious, or *imagined* to have been discovered by the most sanguine, Antiquary; if you will believe, Sir,

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R VII.

DEAR SIR,

YOU must now give me leave to address myself to you, in a more particular manner, with that old-fashioned frankness that would not flatter an enemy—to make him his friend. You had always a natural taste for Antiquities, especially for the English. Your honest passion has been steady to the roast beef and strong beer of old England. You love the roughness of the old innocent and hearty ages, better than the modern, gay, refined, effeminate manners. Your integrity has made you open, undisguised, and sincerely blunt; and has given an antique cast to your whole composition. You have constantly retained a veneration for the Druids of your country, and have amused yourself some years within the hollow of a tree.

tree. This is your cave of contemplation, lined with slabs, and stuccoed with moss. Your couch is covered with the same, and matted with the peelings of the barks of trees. Your table is a chopping-block, your dishes platters, your plates trenchers, and your chairs are chumps of wood. Nature, having given you two hands, supplies you with knives, forks, and spoons. Every noon and night you sacrifice to your God Pan a goblet of barley wine. Your eyes every day are feasted *sufficiently* with a peep at the *outside* of three churches. Your ears are entertained with the sweetest of all musick, a natural oratorio of birds. Flowering shrubs perfume your nostrils, and you enjoy the conversation of your faithful Houyhnhnms. The gratification of all the senses lies within your reach; you live in the fruition of nature, without envy or restraint. With you I go back to distant ages two thousand years ago, and admire virtue in its original simplicity. To you therefore I address myself; who are formed by inclination to be an Antiquary; to you I bequeath these sheets, not as a dedication, which among Authors is a preamble or prelude to thinking; but as a codicil, the result of my most mature deliberation. It is not a gift of value; but may serve as an amusement for a vacant hour, whenever you are disposed to be grave, or take a nap.

Your

Your Friend has been an old stager in the tedious and uncomfortable tracts of Antiquity, which have wanted mending ever since Batteley * finished his Rhutupium. I whip through thick and thin, till I come to a convenient place to bait at. There I stop to refresh † with proper necessities, the *conversation* of the *Landlord*, and the information of the *Clerk of the Parish*, the most conversable and intelligent person left in it, who keeps the *records* of it, and knows most of the antiquities in the neighbourhood. The Squire, formerly a bold Fox-hunter, is now generally flinking to London, to hawk off a daughter, or in strong scent of a half-pay place or a quartered pension. The parson is so perpetually engaged with his neighbouring brethren, that his parishioners never see him but of a Sunday: unless the Squire come post from town for a week, to wreck his tenants, and carry away every farthing in the parish. After the informations of my *learned* friends, and the mug is emptied, I jog-on in search of antiquities: sometimes I stop to take a view of a barrow, an old dyke, a ruined wall, or tottering

* The ingenious, sensible, and polite author of the *Antiquitates Rhutupinae*.

† See Stukeley's *Abury*; and his curious *Drawings* therein, of Reuben Horsfal, *Clark of Abury*, and *Antiquarian*; and of Thomas Robinson, *Aburia Jerostratus*, &c. both made immortal in his never-dying Works; though one is consecrated to everlasting honour, the other to as perdurable infamy.

steeples.

steeple. If I see a camp any where, I ride full-gallop, examine, and carefully measure it. If it be a square, I can tell you to an inch where stood all its gates, the Ara, and Prætorium, and how many people it contained exactly 1500 years ago. In the evening, before I go to bed, I recollect the important events of the day, and write down my observations in the first words that offer, for that produces an *easy* diction; I express my thoughts as fast as they flow, for that makes a *simplicity* of sentiment; I avoid all revivals and corrections, for they render a composition *stiff* and laboured: in short, I write, just as you see, without thinking, without connexion, and without design. I make frequent, bold, abrupt, excentrical, and characteristical excursions, like my Lord Shaftesbury or a Comet. You see, I am thoroughly qualified to execute on the minute and plebeian Antiquaries the office of

“Censor castigatque minorum.”

These, as you have seen above, think your town at least Roman; and carry its age, as the Welsh do their pedigrees, beyond the utmost stretch of human conception. We have observed that Dr. Musgrave * was of this opinion, who affirms the *village* must have been a *large* one;

* Belg. Brit. i. 67.

and he advances a step further, and calls it a very ancient * *little town* ; but he imagines the ancient name † lost. He proves, from the wine-vessel ‡, found here with Alexander's name upon it, that one Alexander, a great man, certainly resided in it, attended by his Household Gods. But this is not to be understood to be Alexander the Great, or Alexander the Copper-smith, but an Alexander—Alexander—what's his name—a certain Alexander a maker of Crockery-ware. These hasty steps of Dr. Musgrave are nothing to the large ones of Dr. Stukeley. Believe me, Sir, at one progressive stride, he stalked over Dr. Musgrave's head, the line of right reason, and the extensive bounds of probability, with as much ease as Rich, in a boxing-match, jumped over the head of the Carman. The ancient name, Musgrave had lost, Stukeley has found. Where? why, *where all antiquities lye concealed—in rubbish*. He found it indeed with as much quickness as Mrs. Squire found the longitude, and with an equal certainty. It was, you must know, the *Punctuobice* of Ravennas. This Ravennas, I must inform you, is an anonymous writer, and upon that account is presumed to be better acquainted with the highways than any of his predecessors. He has recorded some stages that the

* Belg. Brit. i. 193.

† Ib. iv. 12.

‡ Cadby's. See above, p. 210.

Romans travelled, in order to let his contemporaries and their posterity know where they could be readily supplied with proper entertainment and post-chaises. From Leucomagus you go to Cimetzio, alias Cunetio, alias Marleborough; then you proceed to Punctuobice, that is *Vies—Aye*, there it is, in the very two last syllables; lay aside Punctuo, and you have it in Bice.

You see how subjects of this kind are to be managed; it is not, however, in the power of every body to have such a command. Dr. Stukeley is in possession of a true Roman Securis; it is his companion, friend, and guard. He uses it upon all occasions; if he meets with but an odd word, he lays it down fairly transcribed in *capitals*, and with one slight chop divides it: whatever remains on the right hand of the Securis, is the right word. He pursues this religious opinion of the Romans with great exactness. The Grecians indeed valued the left side most; but the Romans, after a complete conquest, changed hands with them. This sort of torture is usual among Criticks, but never carried to so severe a degree before, as to treat words as Procrustes did men. This gentleman is, in the same instant, Judge, Jury, and Executioner: even as soon as the learned Juggler blows, *Bice* is turned into *Vice*, and *Vice* to *Vies*. So that all that is left of this unfortunate word *Punctuobice* is the tail, which

which is looked on, as in vipers, as the only sensible part. Mr. Pope seems to have pointed out such minute Critics to the life, in the following line,

“ They catch the heel of science by the tail.”

An elderly gentleman, witness to this sad catastrophe, broke out into the following pathetic speech of condolence: “ Alas, poor Punctuobice! “ Thou, who hadst lain untouched a thousand “ years wrapt-up in obscurity and dust, in the “ corner of a library of monks, wert at last dragged “ out of thy snug retirement, and impressed into “ an army of virulent Literati: but in a little time “ you disappeared, afterwards wert caught and “ brought out as a traitor upon the scaffold of “ Criticism, without one friend to support thee; “ for thy own Ravennas was not known. Thou “ wast executed by the order and hands of the “ inquisitor-general of *words*. Thou hadst not the “ honour of being beheaded, for that is only reserved for capital bodies; but to be halved, the “ ignominious fate of diminutive ones. How do I “ commiserate and share thy grief, when I recollect “ thy fondness and regret for the poor miserable “ orphan thou hast left behind thee! Mayst thou, “ *O Bice*, meet a better fate!” Thus ended these melancholy words, with the sad solemnity: the execution was performed at one blow; the priestly butcher retired to some invisible place, like a Druid,

I beg pardon, I mean a Celtic, to his oak. However, he repented, took care of the orphan, bred him up, and put him out in the world after having properly bound him; for the poor thing had lost his father and mother, and had not any one relation left in the world, except one cousin-german, whose name was *Pooghen*, of whom you will hear something by and by *.

This execution was much talked of: and the mob, who generally slide from extremes of resentment into those of compassion, called it aloud a barbarous murder, becoming a Nero, a Decius, a Jefferys, or a Bentley. Ravennas, they cried, was an honest man and a good evidence. But, after the most laborious searches and the exactest inquiries that men of probity and penetration could make after this person, nobody ever could find out who he was. Upon my scrutinies, amongst the rest, in perusing the records of the Society of Antiquaries, luckily fell upon a curious account, in general,

The foundation of these painful lucubrations, which are humbly submitted to the reader's judgement, may be found in a book full of uncommon erudition, cyleped *Itinerarium Curiosum*, at the seventy-sixth and one hundred and eighth pages, composed at nights under the influence of painful dreams, by *Master William Stewckile*. This book has a great many divertizing things in it: there are maps and pictures, and tail-pieces; but, upon turning it very attentively over, I could not find in the whole book one single *head-piece*.

of

of the Itinerarists, in form of a certificate. I am afraid it is not very ancient, from that single circumstance: but, as it is astonishingly uncommon, I present you, Sir, with it in the following translation.

“ Be it known unto all men, That the Romans
 “ had a sort of Foot-Postmen, who were men of
 “ learning in a particular way, and wrote book
 “ called Itineraria. They travelled, not to describe
 “ countries, people, buildings, soils, rivers, or
 “ landscapes. They never mention a battle, or a
 “ piece of history; or touch upon vegetables, or
 “ minerals, or fossils, or birds, or beasts, or fishes.
 “ They travelled, as *gentlemen* do, through the
 “ world, but never once *thought* of it. The
 “ manners of mankind, or the curiosities of nature,
 “ were quite out of their view. The finest pro-
 “ spect in the world could not draw their eyes one
 “ moment off from contemplation; which was
 “ steadfast and fixed. Upon the road they ap-
 “ peared, by their gravity and singular abstraction
 “ of thought, like the remains of the Peripatetic
 “ school, collected totally within themselves, and
 “ tracing the subtle meanders of their own minds.
 “ But it was not so; for they never thought at all,
 “ being blessed with a total stagnation of under-
 “ standing. The whole business of their lives was
 “ that of a monk in a cloyster, to tell their own
 “ steps.

“ steps. As soon as they had walked a thousand
 “ paces, they stood still, stuck a stick in the
 “ ground, wrote something in a tablet, and moved
 “ forwards, with one even uniform stride, till,
 “ like the Sun, they went round the Earth *.”

Hence arose a register of exact and minute observations, written in a laconic style. These books would tell you to an inch the distance between London and York; how many stages there were, how many miles each stage consisted of, with as much accuracy as you may read in a London Merchant's fair and well-written folio, after he has carried his wishful wife post to Bath, for the benefit of impregnation. I do not know how it has happened, but it is certain these Roman Peripatetics, or their Copying Clerks, were not exact accountants; for the sums total of their miles often vary from their particulars. This, you may say, is unfortunate—O, no, Sir; it is a happiness. Had it not been for this delicious puzzle, many a dull, learned man would not have been able to have

* This uncommon piece of antiquity had never been published, had I not had the good fortune to have taken a copy of it, before the Key of the Archives was lost, upon the death of Arts and Sciences, in that of the amiable Duke of Richmond. It has the appearance of antiquity by the letters, which are the uncial of the ninth century, and was certainly written, as appears by the last sentence, before the Copernican system was thought of.

employed

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employed his time in a tedious peregrination through a muzzy life. He transplants the Numeral Characters as he pleases, till he makes what number he thinks fit; so that here is opened an inviting and serpentine path through a maze of Cabalistical study to the end of the world. These Surveys were the Itineraria of the Ancients: but the Moderns have improved much upon them, and the English in particular. Our great Proto-Antiquary has exceeded all, and has written the greatest curiosity of curiosities, *Itinerarium Curiosum*; in the Celtic dialect, *The wonderful Journey of Journeys*.

You perhaps will ask, what is all this to the purpose of the Antiquity of The Devizes?—It is a digression, Sir; and all digressions are to the purpose. No modern author can think justly, or write consistently, upon such arguments, unless he now and then goes out of his way, in the manner of, Sir,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R VIII.

DEAR SIR,

MY regard and veneration for this incomparable Doctor obliges me to wait upon him a little further, to shew you how artfully he

tries to extricate himself out of this unfurmoutable puzzle. In another learned book written by him, we are informed, that one William Baxter, a profound Antiquary, a haberdasher of hard words, a tickler of posteriors, well skilled in his native language, Welsh, and possessed with a national itch for verbal criticism, was at an uncommon loss to account for this word *PUNCTUO*, and confessed his ignorance on his death-bed. This distress threw him into a sedentary life, and a steady train of meditation. Under this situation, he received a visit from his old friend Dr. Stukeley, who, stalking-in very dirty, just after his return from Stonehenge, enquired into the occasion of his melancholy and dejection of spirits; and talked with him as an Antiquary and a Friend, and *something like* a Physician. As soon as the Doctor found the cause of his disease, and that the seat of it was in his gizzard, he cried aloud, "*Poegb!* the word comes from "*Poegben*, which in German signifies an *arduous* work, as much as to say the *Castle*, which is said "to have been the *strongest* in Europe *." Baxter did not acquiesce in this peremptory decision; but replied, that William of Malmesbury and Matthew Paris give this character to Roger's castle only, and never hinted the least at any other castle more ancient upon the same spot of ground. Baxter kept

* Stukeley's Stonehenge, p. 48.

his temper for the present; for his spirits were not high enough to rise immediately into a passion. These two had been old friends and intimate acquaintance, formed nearly out of the same materials; their minds were much alike, so that they valued each other, as Virtuofos should do, for the antique cast of their manners and the venerable rust that stuck close about them. They imparted to each other the important discoveries they had made, long before they went to the press. Their friendship was closely connected by a chain of hard words.

They perpetually disputed, but never convinced; their disagreements served for a constant fund of conversation, and kept them as steady in their affections, as a court balance exactly poised by different parties. Thus they had lived for years, till this fatal catastrophe happened, which was the unfortunate occasion of the death of poor Baxter, but evidently without any malice prepense. The Doctor made no other answer to Baxter's remonstrances, but cried aloud thrice, contemptuously, POUGHEN! A warm dispute ensued; and Baxter was treated with such unusual freedoms, and such an inveterate asperity, for his ignorance in the German tongue, and want of faith in an infallible Doctor, that all his Welsh blood flew instantly up into his face. He *puffed powerful protestations, and poured plenty of proverbial parallogisms with pestiferous perfumes into poor*

Pill's physiognomy *. The Doctor started, retreated; and spewed. In the same interim Baxter's adust constitution, having been almost reduced to touch-wood, was thrown into such a violent fermentation, as to set fire to the brimstone he had been larded † with, so that he died in a sudden combustion, and the man *multi nominis*, the phoenix of the age, was reduced to ashes by his own odours.

This indeed is a very tragical exit; but let us compose our grief, and return to the survivor of this *nobile par fratrum*. When Baxter was dead, his friend reigned alone, and commanded words. But words have natural rights, as well as men; they do not care to be turned out of possession, without the previous forms, and some reasons offered for an ejection. It is but just that they should have their titles examined, and evidence heard, before judgement is given. They have often had good success in Courts of Justice, and have recovered large costs from the plaintiff's misnomers. The Doctor, it must be confessed, in another ‡ place, acknowledges himself in some distress about this cumbersome word PUNCTUOBICE; but, like an old staunch hound, will not give it up. “Anonymous

* The Attick dialect is a lover of α , the Ionick of η , the Dorick of α , and the Wallic of π .

† Vid. *Philos. Transact.* about People being burnt by their own fiery Vapours.

‡ Stukeley's *Stonehenge*, p. 48.

‘Ravennas,’

“Ravennas,” says he, “may possibly call it *Punctu-*
 “*obice*; but we have *no certainty* that his copy re-
 “mains incorrupt, or that he transcribed it right,
 “nor what alterations the Romans made in the
 “original word, nor what was made in the later
 “or barbarous times. However, there *seems* enough
 “therein, as well as in the present name of the
 “town, to countenance our conjecture.” You see
 at last that he is not clear that the word ever was
 in Ravennas; and, if it was, it might possibly have
 been altered by the Saxons, Goths, Vandals, or
 Franks; yet there is enough left to justify his con-
 jecture; it is still therefore *Vies* from *Vice*, from
Bice, from *Punctuobice*. Did you ever see such a
 Welsh, or rather Irish, pedigree? Does it not put
 you in mind of that of King Pepin?

The Doctor must be acknowledged to have been
 more fortunate in the following etymology, and
 very happy in the application of it. “The Devizes
 “is a town in the middle of Wansdyke, and very
 “*probably* erected among others to secure the ditch
 “or fortification. It seems to have been the capi-
 “tal fort or frontier town; and to have had its
 “name from the King, as a trophy or monument of
 “his power, built by him in person *.” A little
 below he adds—“They tell us *legendary* tales, of

* Stukeley’s Stonehenge, p. 48.

“ its being built by an old British King. Divifus
 “ was probably the name of this Belgick monarch,
 “ or Duiguis. As Gluiguis King of Demetia in
 “ Wales is wrote Glivifus by Toland *. And the
 “ termination may have been framed into Latin
 “ from the Celtic word TAE OG, i. e. dux.
 “ Whence, perhaps, the Hetruscan Tages, so much
 “ boasted of in their antiquities; likewise the
 “ modern Doge of Venice. So that Divitiacus
 “ may well be Divifus dux.” Believe me, Sir, a
 most perspicuous and incontestable inference!

Passing by the clearness and indisputableness of
 the origin of the word DOGE, your Friend owns
 himself under some small difficulties in assenting to
 some of these particulars. 1st, The whole account
 is not absolutely credible, because the Doctor him-
 self distinguishes it by the name of a *legendary* tale.—
 2dly, It cannot be immediately conceived that the
 King's name, Divifus, if any such King there ever
 was, should come from Duiguis, if any such King
 there ever could be; because Mr. Toland, a man
 in all points of *unquestionable* credit †, has written
 Glivifus for Gluiguis.—3dly, It is difficult to be-
 lieve that this very King Divifus could change his
 name, as easy as an Aurelian Insect does his body,
 and come out Divitiacus, because TAE OG is Celtic

* Stukeley's Stonehenge, p. 186.

† V. Locke's Letters.

for a General. This last observation has indeed something curious in it, and explains an oracular question, why the first Lord Cadogan was called a *Fatigue* *? Undoubtedly because he was a *Fat* General.

As there are some more things mentioned above in the catachrestic style, which I do not thoroughly apprehend; I took the liberty once of asking the Doctor the following questions. Is the town, in the middle, of the length of Wandsdyke? *Yes, surely: it is but four miles West from it.* Perhaps, Doctor, you mean that it stands *opposite* to the middle, of the length, of Wandsdyke? *Yes, most assuredly; as does Newbury, and Kingston, and Rochester, &c.* Is it certain that this was a frontier town to the Dyke? *As certain as that the Romans never built a station nearer to the place to be defended than four miles.* Was it build as a Trophy to the King's power? *As sure as Dido built Troy; and William the Conqueror, King's College Chapel.* Was it built by the King in person? *Without all question, and by the very same King that erected Stonehenge with his own hands; for the Celtic Kings were hewers of wood and drawers of water, and bricklayers, and stone-cutters, and Free-masons.* Did the Celtæ ever build their towns so far from rivers? *Often: witness the r metropolis at Stonehenge,*

* The MSS. at the Heralds Office differ; some write it, *Fat-teague*.

and their large town upon Marlborough Down, called now, The Grey Weathers; you ought to know, that the characteristic of a Celt was to be patiens Solis atque Sitis.

These answers quite silenced me; so that I have scarcely more than one word left to say, that I am, Sir,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R IX.

DEAR SIR,

IN my last, you find, I was struck dumb; this taciturnity was attended with an amusing reverie, in which a method darted into my mind of propagating the species of this set of *incomparable* writers. It is inclosed in the following short receipt, which I am sure is as infallible for making a complete modern Antiquary, as Mrs. Stevens's dissolvent for the stone, or Dr. James's powder for a fever. I send it in English, because your wife may put it into your family receipt-book, for the benefit of your Son, who is just going to the University. It is in the taste of the last Dispensary, the like of which, according to the general opinion, never was, nor ever will be, seen.

Rx. Con-

℞. Conserve of hoary legendary tales, ʒ ij.

Probably's preserved, ʒ vj.

Flowers of Monkhood, ʒ ss.

Seems to be——may be——sprinkled over
the whole, aā ʒ ij.

Roots of Hebraic, Celtic, Saxon, all finely
powdered, but not *searched*, aā ʒ i.

Species of Reasons, ʒ i.

Syrup of sweet Credulity, as much as will
make it into an ELECTARY.

Take the quantity of an *Owl's* egg every morn-
ing fasting and at nine at night, drinking after each
dose a bottle of *Cerevisia Celtica*, i. e. Barley Wine.
The morning-dose will create an easy digestion, and
the night-one pleasing and romantic dreams. There
must be added to it a careful diet of roots, and a
constant course of riding through all winds, wea-
thers, and roads, *in* the way, or *out of* the way.
Mr. Wise will furnish you with a horse: I mean
Mr. Francis Wise, B. D. that dignified and distin-
guished Pluralist, Radclivian Librarian, Custos
Archiverum, Rector of Grayes, and Chaplain to a
worthy man of Quality; all sinecures; the first by
the Testator's will, the second by usage of the Uni-
versity, the third by his own choice, and the fourth
by privilege of peerage. Above all, he is a vast An-
tiquary, and will sell you a large *white horse* fit for
the purpose. He has been long advertised at Mr.



James Fletcher's in the Turl; and may be bought as cheap as waste-paper. He was taken as a stray in the manor of Ashdowne; is a staid horse; and, though the mark has been some years out of his mouth, his work is not yet done. He stands stiff upon all four; but, when you once move him, he will last for ever. He was bred in a Vale bordering upon the Belgæ, and is well acquainted with your country. He has been at grass many years, particularly ever since his master sat down to write a long book upon medals. He is well known and much talked-of all the country over: he is perfectly sound now wind and limb, though he was a little greased this winter in the wet season; but was perfectly cured by encouraging a profuse running at his heels: he has sometimes been troubled with a scouring, but is now cleaner than even Mr. Warburton's * Shakespeare. He had indeed the Epidemic

* This person may be heard of at Mr. Edwards's of Lincoln's-Inn, who is his Standing Counsel, and has given him the best advice in the world, without a fee, the usual civility of Barristers to Attornies. Lest this Gentleman's name should not be known to posterity, it may be proper to leave a memorial of him. He wrote the Divine Legation of Moses, where the chain of reasoning is so fine, that it cannot be seen but by the best microscopes; then the links appear wonderfully long, and filled up with uncommon Philagreek work. His Alliance between Church and State is at the best but a very distant one. When he is at a loss for reasoning, he falls a lashing, which he learned when he was an *Usher* of

demie distemper the last wet month, which was carried off by a large discharge at the Nose; in which he has an astonishing and incredible sagacity. If he smells any thing British or Celtic, he turns round, and gives it a kick; snorts at the sight of a Roman camp, but neighs at a Saxon one. His pedigree is clearly deduced from King Alfred's stud; that he is of the Saxon breed is as demonstrably proved, as that Cicero * and Brutus never did write *their* Epistles, nor Mr. Boyle *his own* examination about Phalaris.

It is time now to make some cursory observation on the former prescription. One is *critical*, the other *historical*, and the last *pharmaceutical*.

1st, You must not for the world write it ELEC-TUARY, but ELECTARY. Either Dr. Stukeley's Securis has been at this word, or a letter has been erased by a committee of dissecting-knives in Warwick-lane. This new-fashioned manner of spelling is derived to us from the indisputable authority of

of a School; then he turned *Attorney*; afterwards a *Pettifogger in Divinity*; till he feathered his nest upon a rock near Bath. He cuddled Mr. Pope, and snarled himself into his friendship; under whose wings he abused all mankind, but Dr. Middleton and Mr. Toll, which seems as great a miracle as Julian's. See more of this Genius in "A Letter to the most Impudent man living."

* See two very learned treatises by Tunstall and Markland, with Dr. Bentley's Dissertation on Phalaris.

one Cælius Aurelianus, "the most ancient author we have who has mentioned this word*." As Cælius Aurelianus certainly wrote the purest Latin, and spelled the purest, of any African writer in Europe, except that Negro translator of Irenæus; and since so learned a body as the College of Physicians patronize this reading; far be it from us to dispute the point, but to submit implicitly, admire their capacities, and look upon all our predecessors as fools. They were under an incomprehensible error when they formed "Electuarium" from *Electus*, a substantive of the fourth declension, and not from *electus*, a passive participle, or an adjective, which must make "Electarium." From this indisputable evidence of Cælius Aurelianus, and the weighty authority of so judicious a set of Criticks, correct Cato †; for "promptuarium" read *meo periculo* "promptarium:" and Cæsar ‡ likewise: *apage istud* "Æstuarium," *et lege* "Æstarium." This piece of exact criticism I offer you as genuine, new, substantial, and infallible; and should have approved of the lucky alteration of "Electuarium," had the Committee been ingenuous enough to have confessed that the Codex Parisiensis had made this surprising discovery twelve years before our little

* Lond. Dispens. translated by Pemberton, 8vo. p. 333.

† De Re Rustica.

‡ De Bell. Gall. l. ii. 28.

concise finer'd "Simplex Blanditijs*" to the Company of London Apothecaries was published.

2. The next observation is *hiflorical*. I acknowledge an *Owl's* egg is an unusual magnitude for a medicinal dose: but it was thought here not too large, because all Students who are formed by nature for Antiquities are furnished with *large swallows*. I would have them like the family of the Stukeleys. You must *be informed*, that there were two Williams, one was a Physician at Grantham, the other a Divine at Stamford and London. They both descended from the ancient house of Stevekele, both their Christian and Surnames were the same: and though they were both as like as Virgil's twins,

" — proles

"Indiscreta suis gratusque parentibus error;"

yet they were very different men. The Physician believed nothing but the most *incredible* things of the Celtic Gods; the other, as appears by a late Sermon preached before the College of Physicians, avowedly believes in the Devil and all his works. The Physician had a particular affection for an aged Owl, probably because it was a symbol of one of his Goddesses, whom he adored by this representative; though he often prayed to her, his prayers, like his

* This should have been the motto of the Dispensary, instead of "Simplex Munditijs."

practice, vanished into air. This Owl was a present from a noble Dutcheſs*; whether as a curioſity or a reproof, by way of civility or ſatire, is a point not determined to this day. However, the Maſter made the bird the companion of his ſtudies, and the confident of his ſoliloquies. He perpetually gazed at the eyes of his bird, as if it had been his looking-glaſs; and indeed that was the only one he ever uſed. This *rara avis* was his *bona avis*, always ſtood fixed upon a perch on his right hand; but the Maſter was unfortunately curſed, as Virgil ſays, with a *left-handed* mind. An oil extracted from the faces of the auſpicious bird was given to his Apothecary at Stamford, as a Noſtrum for the Gout. The Doctor, from the ſacred gravity or lulling compoſure in the countenance of his friend, commenced inſtantly an errant Antiquary: but it cannot be aſſerted whether from inſpiration, intuition, or *ab ovo* †.

At laſt the poor Owl, like other mortals, died; the funeral was ordered, the relations of the deceased invited, and the Alderman and Corporation attended with particular formality. When the words *dust to dust* were pronounced, an elegant Latin Oration was ſpoken over the grave, for the

* The late Duke of Ancaſter's Dutcheſs.

† See this ſuill account in ſome MS verſes, repoſited in the muniment-houſe at Grantham.

instruction of the audience, and to pacify the manes of the Owl, by the sadly-surviving Patron of his once faithful Libertus. What became of the Author, I do not know; he found it necessary to change his *cloaths*, and make off; so that the world continues still under the mortification of being deprived of a singular composition, which, like its subject when alive, avoids the light;

“ Et tenebris latet, et sese caligine pascit.”

I must ingenuously confess, in the first entrance on my *Pharmaceutical* observation, that this Recipe was not entirely my own. I think, nevertheless, that I have some share in the property, as I have taken immense pains to decypher an hieroglyphical hand, and used the utmost caution and precision to whittle the medicine into the present fashionable taste. I met with the original in a MS. of Brother Symons, a Monk of the Abbey of St. James in Northampton. He has collected a great many receipts, from *Hippocras*, *Gallienus*, and *Kelsus*, authors I imagine now lost; but *this* probably was taken out of some *Arabian* physician. To realize the grotesque characters, to pare off the excrescences of the medicine, to settle the true spelling of each Latin word, and then to construe them all into plain English, was a task almost insuperable. I never could have got through it, had I not been fortunately possessed of, and well acquainted with,

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all that is about 250 *Antidotariums*, *Apothecariums*, *Dispensatoriums*, and *Pharmacopœias*, from the XIVth to the middle of the XVIIIth century, when *one* was published, “ that our College might have
“ the honour to be one of the first Medical Soci-
“ ties in Europe, which have duly undertaken a
“ Reformation*.” In the Original, there were several nuts, as Chesnuts, Cypress, Walnuts, &c. These I threw away, as all Kernels † may be suspected to be poison, and no *antidote* is left in the present Dispensary to expell it. To make the medicine efficacious, I ejected all simples heterogeneous to my own *private* opinion; to render it palatable, I banished a few indeed *efficacious* ingredients; to make the remaining efficacious ones creep securely into the offices of digestion, chylication, and sanguification, I doubled the quantities of some, as the *probable*; *seem to be*; *may be*; which have very little *taste*, yet serve as sheaths to carry the others down, and dark lanterns to light them through all the allies to their places of destination. I preserved the *spices* in the species in a moderate quantity, enough I hope for the Hysterical Ladies, the Whetters, the Slipshops, and Freethinkers. I put in but a small quantity, lest they should fly to the head, to

* Narrative to Lond. Disp. translated by H. P. p. 38.

† Ib. p. 76. Mead on Poisons, p. 293.

which

which I would have nothing aimed but the two bottles of Barley Wine. I think I have now adapted it to the applauded simplicity of the very last Dispensary. *Simplicity*, Sir, is the beauty of Architecture; the delicacy of Gardening; the expression of Musick; the soul of Painting; and the true basis of Morality: in Philosophy, it is experiment; in Geometry, demonstration; in Medicine, longevity; in Composition, sublimity; in Religion, free-thinking; but in Metaphysics, a chimera. It shines through this remarkable book, from the Title-page to the Index, but most strongly in the Narrative. The fable is simple, the sentiments simple, and the diction simple. Notwithstanding what some Criticks say of its being written in a formal, forced, paracelsic, bombastic style, and that there is *much too little* * good English in it; I avow the historical facts to be curious, though not instructive; and brought to light out of the deepest obscurity; the language easy where it can be understood, and pompous where it is not; the whole compiled for the benefit, if not under the direction, of a club of Apothecaries; as may be fairly conjectured by the dialect. It is certainly one of the most singular compositions that has been written lately in Physick, except some few treatises penned

* Narrat. p. 37.

by that Comet of a Physician, the once-famous Dr. Thompson, which are now but in very few hands: he, we hear, is absconded from the *practice*, to the *study*, of Physic.

The Narrative however may casually serve some uses. Though the *Medicina Diætetica*, or Kitchen Physic, is below the dignity of a College, or any of its members; yet, from this Dispensary, you may catch some good and beneficial hints. Taste the ingredients for the composition * of your Punch separate; the Lemon is vastly too acid, the Sugar too sweet, the Rum too strong, and the Water too weak; mix, but drink not of it—it is a palatable poison †. Eat the sweet to damp your appetite, the acid to set an edge to your teeth, drink your water with your meals, and your rum after with your friends. Eat only your roast beef at your dinner, and your horse-radish at supper; then will you be esteemed a right *simple* fellow by every man in England, except Dr. Monro.

Had the Committee, like wise, serious, and attentive observers, watched only the waters of the Dispensary, it might have had a favourable crisis. But they have purged it too much, it is vastly fallen away, it is in a deep consumption. The inhabi-

* See the Committee's method of anatomizing the *Confectio Raleighana* to a Skeleton, Narr. p. 111.

† Cheyne on Health and Long Life.

tants of the Pharmacopœia, which have been in quiet possession for many years, have suffered an outlawry, been deprived of their original Family, Christian, and Sur-names by a forcible Disseisin. By this means will be brought such an attainder and corruption on the blood of his Majesty's liegemen, as no act of parliament can salve: and, to the detriment of trade and the revenue of imports, medicines will become as scarce as plaids in Scotland, or dry eyes in England for the Prince of Wales.

I hope, if ever this book should bear a second edition, it will be referred to a Committee of safety, to *resimplicate** it: that the College will borrow Mr. Warburton's flail to beat it, Mr. Freke's † costive hand to bend it, Dr. Stukeley's Securis to cut it, the Company of Apothecaries to gild it and advertise it at the cheap rate of *thirteen pence half-penny*,

* *Resimplico* is a word of the exemplary Cælius Aurelianus, which I believe was a chirurgical term, and signified *to cut for the simples*. The blundering Editors have mangled the text, by splitting the word and reading, *res implicantes*. V. Ed. Almhoov. p. 438. et passim. Cælius Aurelianus is a translation of Soranus; and this emendation I founded upon a Greek MS. of that Author, which (God forgive me!) I stole out of a library at Mount Athos, at the risk of my life.

† A hard-bound writer of a book about Electricity; and another about Surgery.

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for it deserves *that* price, as it must do *execution*. Should this ever be effected, the English nation may be secure from having this treatise slide into their bellies; but may find it lurking in the shops of the Bookfellers, till pavements, causeways, castles, are no more.

POST.

P O S T S C R I P T.

THE foregoing papers were written by no man living—for the Author died some months ago. The reader may depend upon the truth of all the principal facts; two indeed were received by tradition, the plan of Browne Willis's villa, and Baxter's manner of dying. The writer intended to have published a great number of Letters by subscription, and to have received the whole money upon the first payment; but found his friends averse to this method, till they saw Browne Willis had published the third part of his *Notitia Parliamentaria*. We can now assure the publick, that this third part will be published immediately after the third volume of the *Divine Legation of Moses*. Our Author has left a large book about *Stonehenge*, not quite finished. He seems only certain that it was erected by some of the sons of Adam, whether by Danes, Saxons, Romans, Britons, or Antediluvians, he left undetermined, till he had carefully (as appears by a note) perused *Geoffry of Monmouth*, *Nennius*, *Dion Cassius*, *Trismegistus*, and *Sanchoniathon*. Several other papers are left, which, like this little piece, are intended for the Use of Lawyers, Divines, Historians, Antiquaries, and Physicians;

eians; for Men of business, and Loungers of none. He long entertained a dislike for the modern sort of Scholarship, and was not unwilling these papers should go to the press, to prevent, as much as was in his power, many larger from going there; which are apt to die sudden deaths, by their own folly, like the Thebans—

Κίνοι δὲ σφείζουσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ἄλλοις.

A CURIOUS SPECIMEN
OF
ALLITERATION.

First printed in The Student, 1750.

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A S P E C I M E N
O F
A L L I T E R A T I O N.

S I R,

Park-place, Nov. 2, 1746.

PERCEIVING your desire to know how I
past my time in Pembrokeſhire, I here pre-
ſent you with an account of my proceedings in a
progreſs I lately made to a gentleman's houſe
purely to procure a plan of it.

I proceeded in a party of pleaſure with Mr. Pratt
of Pickton-Caſtle, Mr. Powel of Penally, and Mr.
Pugh of Purley, to go and dine with Mr. Pritchard
of Poſtmain; which was readily agreed to, and ſoon
put in practice. However, I thought it a proper
precaution to poſt away a perſon privately to Mr.
Pritchard's, that he might provide for us; and we
proceeded after him. The town where Mr. Prit-
chard lives is a poor, pitiful, paltry place, though
his houſe is in the prettiest part of it, and is a
prince's palace to the reſt. His parlour is of a lofty
pitch, and full of pictures of the prime pencils; he
hath a pompous portico, or pavillion prettily paved,
leading to the parterre; from hence you have a pro-
digious

digious prospect, particularly pointing towards Percilly-hill, where he propagates a parcel of Portuguese and Polish poultry. The name of his house is Prawfenden, which puzzled me most plaguily to pronounce properly. He received us very politely, and presented us with a plentiful dinner. At the upper-end of the table was a pike, with fried perch and plaice; at the lower end, pickled pork, pease, and parsnips; in the middle, a pigeon pye, with puff paste; on the one side a potatoe-pudding; and on the other side pig's pettytoes. The second course was a dish of pheasants, with poult and plovers, and a plate of preserved pine and pippins; another with pickled podd pepper; another with prawns; another with pargamon for a provocative; with a pyramid of pears, peaches, plumbs, pippins, philbeards, and pistachios. After dinner there was a profusion of port and punch, which proved too powerful for poor Mr. Peter, the parson of the parish; for it pleased his palate, and he poured it down by pints, which made him prate in a pedantic, pragmatistical manner. This displeased Mr. Price, the parliament-man, a profound politician; but he persisted, and made a prolix preamble, which proved his principles prejudiced and partial against the present people in power. Mr. Price, who is a potent party-man, called him a popish parson, and said,

he prayed privately in his heart for the Pretender; and that he was a presumptuous priest, for preaching such stuff publicly. The parson puffed his pipe passively for some time, because Mr. Price was his patron; but, at length, losing all patience, he plucked off Mr. Price's perriwig, and was preparing to push it with the point of the poker into the fire; upon which Mr. Price, perceiving a pewter piss-pot in the passage, presented the parson with the contents in his phiz, and gave him a pat on the pate, the percussion of which prostrated him plump on the pavement, and raised a protuberance on his pericranium. This put a period to our proceedings, and patched up a peace; for the parson was in a piteous plight, and had prudence enough to be prevailed upon to cry *peccavi*, with a *parce, precor*, and in a plaintive posture to petition for pardon. Mr. Price, who was proud of his performance, pulled him out of the puddle, and protested, he was sorry for what had passed in his passion, which was partly owing to the provocation given him from some of his preposterous propositions, which he prayed him never to presume to advance again in his presence. Mr. Pugh, who practises physick, prescribed phlebotomy and a poultice to the parson; but he preferred wetted brown paper to any plaister, and then placed himself in a proper position, that the power of the fire might penetrate

his

his posteriors, and dry his purple plush breeches. This pother was succeeded by politicks, as Mr. Pulteney the patriot's patent for the peerage; the Kings of Poland and Prussia; Prague, and the Palatine; Pandours, and Partizans, Portsmouth parades, and the presumption of the privateers, who pick up prizes almost in our very ports; and places and pensions, pains and penalties. Next came on plays and poetry, the picture of Mr. Pope perched on a prostitute, and the price of the pit, pantomimes, prudes, and the pox, and the primate of Ireland, and printers, and preferments, pickpockets and pointers; and the pranks of that prig-the-poet-laureat's progeny, though his papa is the perfect pattern of paternal piety. To be brief, I prophesy you think I am prolix. We parted at last, but had great difficulty in procuring a passage from Mr. Pritchard, for he had placed a padlock on the stable-door on purpose to prevent us, and pretended his servant was gone out with the key; but, finding us peremptory, the key was produced, and we permitted to go. We pricked our palfries a good pace, although it was as dark as pitch, which put me in pain, because I was purblind, lest we should ride plum against the posts, which are prefixed to keep horse-passengers from going the path that is pitched with pebbles.

Mr.

Mr. Price, who was our pilot, had a very providential escape, for his pad fell a prancing, and would not pass one step farther ; which provoked him much, for he piques himself on his horsemanship. I proposed to him to dismount, which he did, and, peeping and peering about, found he was on the point of a perpendicular precipice, from which he might probably have fallen, had not his horse plunged in that particular manner. This put us all into a palpitation, and we plodded on the rest of the progression, *pian piano*, as the Italians say, or *pas à pas*, as the French phrase has it. I shall postpone several other particulars, till I have the pleasure of passing a day with you at Putney, which shall be as soon as possible.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

PLITO CICER.

To Mr. Peter Pettiward,
at Putney.

(Penny-post paid.)

OF A LETTER

TO THE
HONORABLE
MEMBERS OF THE
LEGISLATIVE
COUNCIL OF
THE
STATE OF
NEW YORK
IN
THE
YEAR
OF
THE
REPUBLIC
OF
THE
UNITED
STATES
OF
AMERICA
1850

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1850

THE
R A C E.

By MERCURIUS SPUR, Esq.

WITH
N O T E S.

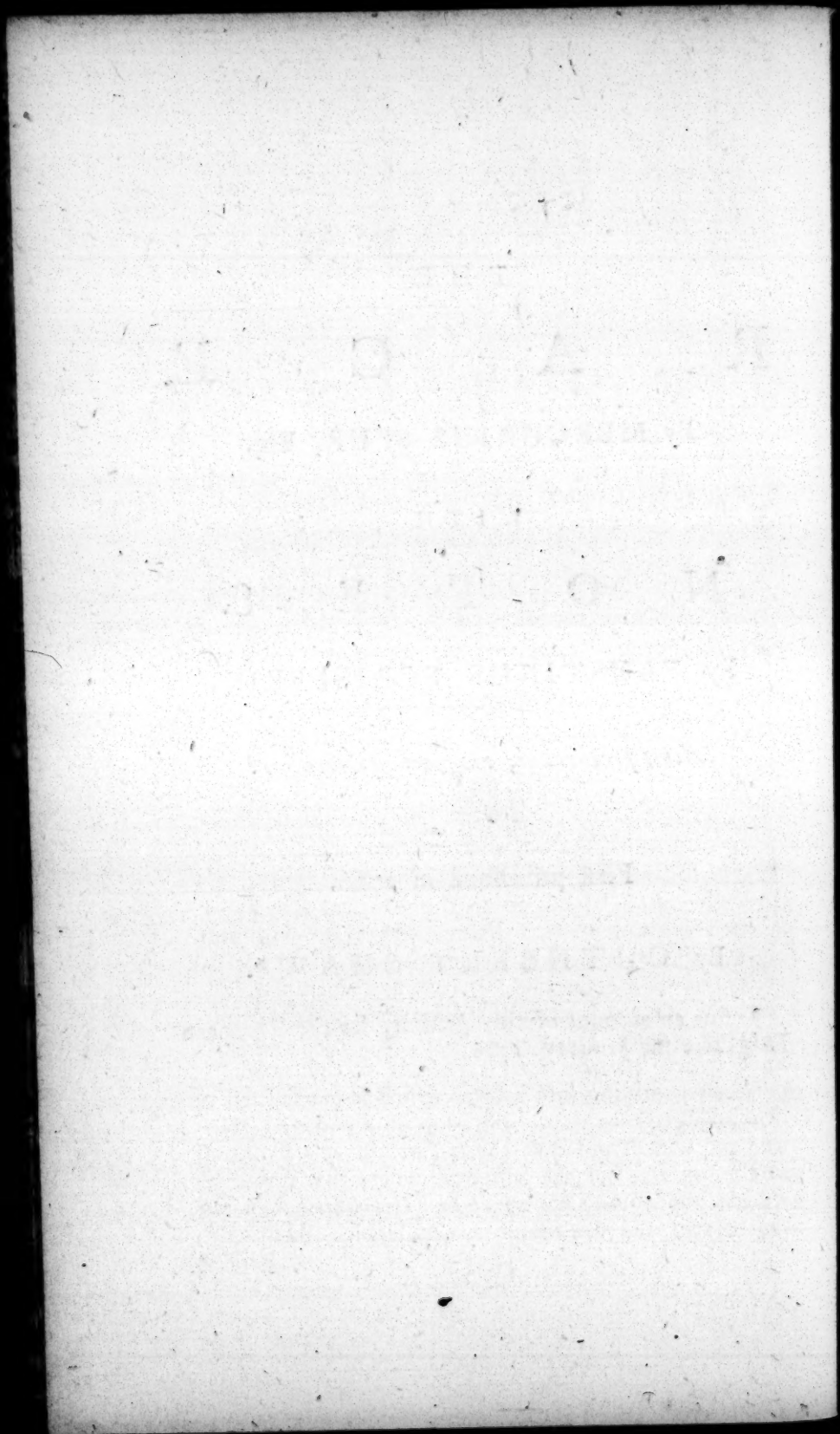
By FAUSTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

Acres procurrunt, magnum spectaculum!

First published in 1766.

By CUTHBERT SHAW *.

* For an account of the Author, see the European Magazine for January, 1786.



A D D R E S S
T O T H E
C R I T I C S.

YE puny things, who self-important fit
The sov'reign arbiters of monthly wit,
Who gnatling-like your stings around dispense,
And feed on excrements of sickly sense;
Ye *gentle Critics*, whom, by Fancy led,
My Pegasus has kick'd upon the head,
Who, zealous to decry th' injurious strain,
While * Common-sense has bled at every vein ;
Bewilder'd

* In justification of the Author's severity, the Reader is desired to attend to the Critical Review on the first edition of this Poem, where he will find, comprised in a very narrow compass, a most wonderful variety of nonsense, both literal and metaphorical; where the Race is ingeniously discovered to be an imitation of Pope's *Dunciad*.—Now, the only circumstance which has the least reference to that poem, is the hero's tumbling into a bog, which is (as it is there acknowledged) an exact imitation of a passage in Homer, and was designed at the same time as a stroke of raillery on one of the instances where that immortal bard has nodded.—This the *set of Gentlemen* had not eyes to see, and are therefore excusable. Dr. South
Q3 replied

Bewilder'd wander on, with idiot-pride,
 Without or *Wit* or *Grammar* for your guide ;
 Behold ! again I blot th' invenom'd page,
 Come, whet your tiny stings, exhaust your rage :
 Here wreak your vengeance, here exert your skill,
 Let *bluſt'ring* Kenrick draw his raven's quill ;
 My claims to genius let each dunce disown,
 And damn all strains more favour'd than their
 own.

Where Pegafus, who ambled at *fifteen*,
 No longer sporting on the *rural green*,
 Rampant breaks forth ; now flies the peaceful
 plains,
 And bounds, impetuous, heedless of the reins,
 O'er earth's vast surface, madly scours along,
 Nor spares a critic gaping in the throng ;
 * Truth rides behind, and prompts the wild career ;
 And, Truth my Guardian, what have I to fear ?

replied to a gentleman, who remonstrated to him from his bishop, that his sermons were too witty, " Pray
 " present my humble duty to his lordship, and let him
 " consider; if God Almighty had made him a wit, he
 " could not help it." These gentlemen certainly cannot help their having neither genius nor literature ; but blockheads may help commencing critics.

F. SCRIBLERUS.

* Perhaps some half-witted critic may pertly enquire, why should Truth ride behind, rather than before ? Soft and fairly : certainly every man has a right to ride foremost on his own Pegafus.

Oh

Oh, Truth! thou sole director of my views,
 Whom yet I love far dearer than the Muse!
 Teach me *myself* in ev'ry sense to know,
 Proof 'gainst th' injurious shafts of friend or foe.
 When smooth-tongu'd Flatterers my ears assail,
 May my firm soul disdain the fulsome tale!
 And, ah! from pride thy votive bard defend,
 Though C—n—y smile, or C——d commend!
 Unmov'd by squibs from all the scribbling throng,
 Whom thou proclaim'st the refuse of my song;
 Still may I safe between the danger steer,
 Of Scylla-flatt'ry, and Charybdis-fear!
 Those foes to Genius (should'st thou grant my
 claim!)
 Those wrecks alike of Reason and of Fame.

T H E
R A C E.

AID me, some honest sister of the Nine,
Who ne'er paid court at Flattery's fulsome
shrine,

A youth enlighten with thy keenest fires,
Who dares proclaim whate'er the Muse inspires.
By squint-ey'd Prejudice, or love inclin'd,
No partial ties shall here enslave the mind:
Though Fancy sport in fiction's pleasing guise,
Truth still conspicuous through the veil shall rise;
No bribe or stratagem shall here take place,
Though (strange to tell!)—the subject is a Race.

Unlike the Race which fam'd Newmarket boasts,
Where pimps are Peers' companions, whores their
toasts,

Where jockey-nobles with groom porters vie,
Who best can *hedge a bet*, or *cog a dye*.

Nor like the Race, by ancient Homer told,
No spears for prizes, and no cups of gold:

A poets'

A poets' Race, I sing—a poets' prize,
Who gold * and fighting equally despise.

To all the rhyming brethren of the quill
Fame sent her heralds to proclaim her will.

“ Since late her vot’ries in abusive lays

“ Had madly wrangled for the wreath of bays ;

“ To quell at once this foul tumultuous heat,

“ The day was fix’d whereon each bard should
“ meet.

“ Already had she mark’d the destin’d ground,

“ Where from the goal her eager sons should
“ bound,

“ There, by the hope of future glory fed,

“ Prove by their heels the prowess of the head ;

“ And he, who fleetest ran, and first to fame,

“ The chaplet and the victory should claim.”

Swift spread the grateful news through all the
town,

And every scribbler thought the wreath his own.

No corporal defect can now retard

The one-legg’d, short-legg’d, or consumptive bard ;

* *Who gold and fighting.*] The poverty of poets is a well known adage ; or, to speak more *poetically*, their contempt of riches. They also seem providentially in all ages to have possessed the most pacific tempers : no doubt, lest *their* lives should be endangered, whose labours are so conducive to the amusement of society. Horace confesses himself a coward :

Relictâ non bene parmulâ, &c.

But the moderns are not quite so ingenuous.

Convinc’d

Convinc'd that legs or lungs could make no odds;
 'Twixt man and man, where goddeses or gods
 Presided judges; sure to have decreed
 To dulness * crutches, and to merit speed.

To view the various candidates for fame,
 Booksellers, printers, and their devils came.
 First Becket and De Hondt came hand in hand,
 And next came Nourse and Millar from the Strand;
Here Woodfall—*there* the keen-ey'd Scott appears,
 And Say † (oh! wonderful!) with both his ears.
 Morley the meagre, with Moran the fat,
 And Flexney ‡ with a *favour* in his hat.
 § Williams and Kearsley now a-fresh begin
 To curse the cruel walls that held 'em in.
 In rage around his shop poor Owen flies,
 Damning the Chevalier who clos'd his eyes;

* *To dulness.*] The discerning Reader will at once be sensible of the necessity of this proviso; otherwise it is to be supposed, a poet with a wooden leg, or any bodily infirmity, would never have started.

† Mr. Say's boldness in inserting any thing written in opposition even to ministerial measures, will render the meaning of this line sufficiently obvious to the intelligent reader.

‡ Alluding to the custom of tenants wearing ribbons in their hats when the squire's horse wins the plate; Mr. Flexney, our Hero's publisher, does the same, from a strong presumption of his Author's success.

§ These two gentlemen, at the time this Poem was first published, were imprisoned for publications that were deemed libellous.

“ Oh!

“ Oh! could he see, this day, the glorious

“ strife,

“ He’d grope contented all his future life.”

To Pater-noster-row the tidings reach,

And forth came Johnny Coote and Dryden Leach:

Associates in each cause alike they share,

Be it to print a *primer* or *Voltaire*;

Thus leagu’d, how sweet the friendly pence to
earn,

Like gentle Rosencraus and Guildenstern *!

But Leach †, where Churchill came, still cau-
tious fled,

Skulk’d through the crowd, and trembled for his
head.

With his whole length of body scarce a span,

Yet aping all the dignity of man,

Next Vaillant came; erect his dwarfish mien,

He perch’d on horseback, that he might be
seen;

* Two characters in Hamlet, where one never ap-
pears without the other.

† From a circumstance, which Mr. Leach has the
best reason to remember (as we hold feeling the most
perfect of all the senses), the Author must allow Mr.
Churchill an-exception to the general rule of poets
being cowards, who, for the most part, are fonder of
laying-on their blows with a pen than a cudgel;
though we must confess it is a very cruel alternative,
where a printer must either submit to have his head
broke, or run the hazard of losing his ears.

And

And vow'd, with worshipful grimace * and
din †,

He'd back the peerless bard ‡ of Lincoln's-Inn.

HIGH on a hill, enthron'd in stately pride,
Appear'd the Goddess; while on either side
Stood Vice and Virtue—harbingers of Fame,
This stamps a good, and *that* an evil name.
On flow'rs thick scatter'd o'er the mossy ground
The nymphs of Helicon reclin'd around;
Here, while each candidate his claim preferr'd,
In silent state the Goddess sat and heard.

Not far from hence, across the path to Fame,
A horrid ditch appear'd—known by the name
Of *Black Oblivion's Gulph*. In former days
Here perish'd many a poet and his lays.
Close by the margin of the sable flood,
Reviewers *Critical* and *Monthly* stood
In terrible array, who dreadful frown,
And, arm'd with clubs, here knock poor authors
down.

* *Worshipful grimace.*] The Reader is not to suppose Mr. Vaillant made faces, but only that he assumed the proper air and countenance of a worshipful magistrate.

† *Din.*] No inglorious expression, as some may imagine; witness the *din* of *war*—the *din* of *arms*, &c. therefore proper to be employed in any character of consequence.

‡ *Back the peerless bard.*] A phrase common upon the *turf*, and consequently very applicable here.

Merit,

Merit, alas! with them is no pretence,
 In vain the pleas of poesy or sense;
 All level'd here; though some triumphant rise,
 Shake off the dirt, and seek their native skies.
 But, strange! to *Dulness* they deny the crown,
 And *damn* ev'n works as stupid as their own!
 Oh! be this rage for massacre withstood,
 Nor thus imbrue your hands in brother's blood!

Foremost, the spite of Hell upon his face,
 Stood the Thermites of the Critic Race,
 Tremendous Hamilton! Of giant-strength,
 With Crab-tree-staff full twice two yards in length.

* Near John o' Groat's thatch'd Cot its parent
 stood

Alone, for many a mile—itsself a wood;
 Till Archy spy'd it, yet unform'd and wild,
 And robb'd the mother of her tallest child.
 El-omen'd birds beheld with dire affright
 Their roost despoil'd, and sicken'd at the sight;
 The ravens croak'd, pies chatter'd round his head,
 In vain,—he frown'd! the birds in terror fled;
 Perch'd on their thistles droop'd the mournful
 band:

Archy stalk'd off, the crab-tree in his hand.

* The learned Reader will not be surprized at this
 genealogy of the crab-tree-stick belonging to so illustrious
 a character as the Printer of the Critical Review.—It is common,
 and Homer has often done the same, in regard to his Hero's
 swords and spears, &c.

Close

Cloſe wedg'd behind in rank and file were ſeen,
 From Glaſgow, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen,
 A troop of *Lairds* with ſcraps of *Latin* hung,
 Who came to teach John Bull his mother tongue.
 Poor John! who muſt not judge whate'er he read,
 But wait for ſentence from theſe ſons of Tweed.

Now coward Prudence, in the Muſe's ear
 Whiſpers—"How dar'ſt thou, Novice, perſevere
 "With headlong fury, to deſtruction prone,
 " * Rouse *ſacred Dulneſs* yawning on her throne?
 "Thus madly bold, dread'ſt not the Harpy's
 "claw?"

"Thou, ſcarce a *morſel* for ſo vaſt a *maw*!
 "Soon ſhalt thou mourn thy ill-ftarr'd numbers
 "curſt."

She ſcorns their malice, let them do their worſt.
 Where Phœbus caſts not an auſpicious eye,
 The ſick'ning numbers of themſelves muſt die;
 But where true genius beams conspicuous forth,
 The candid few will juſtify its worth;
 Still as it flows increaſing in its courſe,
 Till, like a river, with reſiſtleſs force

* This alludes to a part of their criticiſm upon the Race above-mentioned, wherein they obſerve, "the Author has attacked bookſellers, printers, and *even* Reviewers—oh! Preſumption! attack Reviewers! a *ſet* of gentlemen too! We acknowledge the juſtice of this remark, and ſubmit to the laſh.

Rapid rolls down the torrent of applause;
Then, struck with fear, each puny wretch with-
draws,

Meanly disclaims the paths he lately trod,

* Belies himself, and humbly licks the rod.

FIRST enter'd in the list the laureat bard,
And thus preferr'd his suit:—‘ If due reward,

‘ Goddess ador’d, to merit thou assign,

‘ Whose verse so smooth, whose claim so just,
‘ as mine?

‘ To thee my cause I trust; oh, lend me wings,

‘ Shew *wit* and *sack* to be consistent things,

‘ And that he rhymes the best who rhymes for

‘ Kings.’

Lur’d by a sober, honest thirst for fame,

Armstrong appear’d to lay his lawful claim;

Armstrong, whose Muse has taught the youth to
prove

† The sweet æconomy of *health* and *love*.

But,

* Every ingenuous mind must conceive the utmost contempt for modern criticism, by looking back on the treatment of the late Mr. Churchill, where we find the very critics, who, at his first appearance in public, would scarcely allow him the least pretensions to genius, disavowing their former proceedings, and meanly courting his friendship. See the Critical Review about that period.

† *The sweet æconomy.*] This gentleman has obliged the publick with two poetical pieces; the one entitled,
“ The

But, when he saw what spleen each bosom fir'd,
Forth from the field he modestly retired.

Not so repuls'd, nor over-aw'd with shame,
Next Hill stood forth, a darling child of Fame;
But, as to Justice, Fame herself must bow,
The poets' bays shall never deck his brow:
Else who, like Hill, can save a sickly age;
Like him arrest the hand of death with *sage**?
But † *this the ancients never knew*, or sure
They ne'er had died while *sage* remain'd a cure.
Oh, matchless Hill! if aught the Muse foresee
Of things conceal'd in dark futurity,
Death's triumph by thy skill shall soon be o'er,
Hence dire disease and pain shall be no more;
'Tis thine to save whole nations from his maw,
By some new *Tincture* of a *Barley-straw*.

"The Oeconomy of Love;" the other, "Health;" in which he has displayed great abilities, both in sentiment and diction.

* *Sage*.] It is impossible to express the obligations of the publick to the Author of this discovery. We learn that the ancients had indeed the art of restoring youth, by cutting the party to pieces, and boiling them in a kettle; but certainly the horror of so dismal a process (could the art be revived) might deter a person of a moderate share of courage from receiving the benefit of it. But Dr. Hill has removed the scruples of the most timorous, and has promised all the good effects of so dreadful an experiment, in a discovery both simple and palatable.

† A favourite expression of Dr. Hill's, in all his advertisements, is, "*the ancients knew this—the Greeks knew this*," &c. &c.

He bow'd, and spoke:—‘ Oh, Goddess, heav’nly
‘ fair!

- ‘ To thy own Hill now shew a mother’s care;
- ‘ If I go unrewarded hence away,
- ‘ What bard will court thee on a future day?
- ‘ Who toils like me thy temple to unlock,
- ‘ By *moral essays*, *rhime*, and *water-dock*?
- ‘ With perseverance who like me could write
- ‘ *Inspector* on *Inspector*, night by night;
- ‘ Supplying still, with unexhausted head,
- ‘ Till every reader slumber’d as he read?
- ‘ No longer then my lawful claim delay.’
- * She smil’d—Hill simper’d, and went pleas’d
away.

- Next Doddsley spoke:—‘ A bookseller and bard
‘ May sure with justice claim the first regard.
‘ A double merit’s surely his, that’s wont
‘ To make the fiddle, and then play upon’t;
‘ But more, to prove beyond a doubt my claim,
‘ Behold the work on which I build my fame!
‘ Search every tragic scene of Greece and Rome,
‘ From ancient Sophocles to modern Hume;
‘ Examine well the conduct, diction, plan,
‘ And match, then match Cleone, if you can.

* As the Reader may perhaps ascertain within himself the future success of Dr. Hill, from the smile of the Goddess, he is desired to suspend his judgement, and consider that there are smiles of contempt as well as of approbation.

- ‘ A father wretched—husband wretched more,
 ‘ A harmless baby welt’ring in its gore;
 ‘ Such dire distress as ne’er was seen before!
 ‘ Such sad complaints and tears, and heart-
 ‘ felt throes,
 ‘ Sorrows so *wet* * and *dry*, such mighty woes,
 ‘ Too big for utterance e’en in tragic *obs*!’

Next Smollet came. What author dare resist
 Historian, critic, bard, and novellist?

- ‘ To reach thy temple, honour’d Fame,’ he cried,
 ‘ Where, where’s an avenue I have not tried?
 ‘ But since the glorious present of to-day
 ‘ Is meant to grace alone the poet’s lay,
 ‘ My claim I wave to ev’ry art beside,
 ‘ And rest my plea upon the Regicide †.

† * * * * *
 * * * * *

- ‘ But if, to crown the labours of my Muse,
 ‘ Thou, inauspicious, should’st the wreath refuse,

* In perusing the above piece, the Readers may observe the different effects of grief here mentioned, where one character complains of being drowned in tears, and another that he cannot shed any.

† A Tragedy written by Dr. S. and printed by subscription, but never acted. See “Companion to the Playhouse,” Vol. I.

‡ The Reader is to suppose that these asterisks must certainly mean something of the utmost consequence.—It is exactly of the same kind with the blank page in “Tristram Shandy.”

‘ Whoe’er

- ‘ Whoe’er attempts it in this scribbling age,
- ‘ Shall feel the Scottish pow’rs of Critic rage ;
- ‘ Thus spurn’d, thus disappointed of my aim,
- ‘ I’ll stand a bugbear in the road to Fame ;
- ‘ Each future minion’s infant hopes undo,
- ‘ And blast the budding honours of his brow.’

He said—and, grown with future vengeance big,

- * Grimly he shook his scientific wig.

To clinch the cause, and fuel add to fire,
Behind came Hamilton, his trusty squire.

A while *he* paus’d, revolving the disgrace,

And gath’ring all the horrors of his face ;

Then rais’d his head, and turning to the crowd,
Burst into bellowing, terrible and loud.

‘ Hear my resolve, and first by G— I swear—

‘ By Smollet, and his gods ; whoe’er shall dare

‘ With him this day for glorious fame to vie

‘ Sows’d in the bottom of the ditch shall lie ;

‘ And know, the world no other shall confess

‘ Whilst I have crab-tree, life, or letter-press.’

Scar’d at the menace, *authors* fearful grew,

Poor Virtue trembled, and e’en † Vice look’d
blue.

- * Annuit et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.

VIRGIL.

† As *pale* is an epithet that characterises the fear of mortals, the Author has made use of the *Poetica Licentia*, in making a goddess turn *blue*.

Next Wilkes appear'd, vain hoping the reward,
 A glorious patriot, an inglorious bard,
 Yet erring, shot far wide of Freedom's mark,
 And rais'd a flame in putting out a spark :
 Near to the throne, with silent step he came,
 To whisper in her ear his filthy claim ;
 But, ruin to his hopes ! behind stood near,
 With fix'd attention and a greedy ear,
 A sneaking *priest*, who heard, and to the crowd
 Blabb'd, with *most grievous* zeal, the tale aloud.
 The peaceful *Nine*, whom nothing less could vex,
 Flew on the vile assassin of the sex,
 Disown'd all knowledge of his brutal lays,
 * And scratch'd the front intended for the *lays*.

Here Johnson comes—unblest with outward
 grace,
 His rigid morals stamp'd upon his face,
 While strong conceptions struggle in his brain
 (For even wit is brought to bed with pain),
 To view him, porters with their loads would rest,
 And babes cling frighted to the nurse's breast.

* A poet enamour'd of obvious similes would certainly have compared this action, *for the honour of the sex*, to an outrage often committed by the female mobility, from a motive still more interesting ;—but our Author has declined the comparison, out of respect to the virgin-delicacy of the *Muses* ; and the Reader will furthermore observe, that their fingers rove no lower than his forehead.

With

With looks convuls'd, he roars in pompous strain,
 And, like an angry lion, shakes his mane.
 The *Nine*, with terror struck, who ne'er had seen
 Aught human with so horrible a mien,
 Debating, whether they should stay or run—
 Virtue steps forth, and claims him for her son.
 With gentle speech she warns him now to yield,
 Nor stain his glories in the doubtful field;
 But, wrapt in conscious worth, content sit down,
 Since Fame resolv'd his various pleas to crown,
 Though forc'd his present claim to disavow,
 Had long reserv'd a chaplet for his brow.
 He bows; obeys—for Time shall first expire,
 Ere Johnson stay, when Virtue bids retire.

Next Murphy silence broke:—‘ Oh, Goddess
 ‘ fair!

‘ To whom I still prefer my daily pray'r;

‘ For whose dear sake I've scratch'd my drowsy
 ‘ head,

‘ And robb'd alike the living and the dead;

‘ Stranger to fear, have plung'd through thick
 ‘ and thin,

‘ And Fleet-ditch *virgins* dragg'd to Lincoln's-Inn;

‘ Smile on my hopes, thy favour let me share,

‘ And shew mankind Hibernia boasts thy care.’

Here stopp'd he—interrupted quick by Jones,
 A poet, rais'd from mortar, brick, and stones.

' Goddefs,' he cries, ' reject *his pitch-patch work,*
 ' * *He was a butter-seller's boy at Cork ;*
 ' On me bestow the prize, on me, who came
 ' From my dear country in pursuit of fame :
 ' For thus advis'd Mæcnas (best of men) :
 " Jones, drop the trowel, and assume the pen ;
 " The Muses thrive not in this barren soil,
 " Come, seek with me, fair Albion's happier isle ;
 " There shall the theatres increase thy store,
 " And Essex bleed to make thy purse run o'er."
 ' Thus have I fondly left the mason's care
 ' To build imaginary tow'rs i' th' air ;
 ' Then, since my golden hopes have prov'd a cheat,
 ' † Oh, give him Fame, whom Fate forbids to eat ;
 ' This, this at least to me forlorn supply,
 ' I'll live contented on a farthing pye.'

Next in the train advanc'd a Highland-lad,
 Array'd in brogues and Caledonian plaid,
 Surrounded by his countrymen, while loud
 The ‡ British Homer rang through all the crowd.

Then

* See the " Picklock," a scurrilous poem.

† It is a mortification to which the professed patrons of merit must ever be liable, to have their benevolence abused, and their hopes deceived ;—but great souls have no limits, or rather disdain any, which is well expressed by Voltaire :

Répandez vos bienfaits avec magnificence,
 Même au moins vertueux ne les refusez pas,
 Ne vous informez pas de leur reconnoissance,
 Il est grand, il est beau, de faire des ingrats.

‡ There is indeed an air of *originality*, which,

Then he with mickle pride and uncouth air
His bonnet doff'd, and thus preferr'd his pray'r.

' Oh, Fame! regard me with propitious eyes,
' Give me to seize this long-contested prize;
' In *epic* lines I shine, the king of verse;
' From torn and tatter'd scraps of ancient Erse,
' 'Tis mine a perfect pile to raise, for all
' Must own the wond'rous structure of Fingal!
No less a miracle, than if a Turk
A *mosque* should raise up of Mosaic work.

Next Mallet came; Mallet who knows each art,
The ear to tickle, and to sooth the heart;
Who, with a goose-quill, like a magic rod,
Transforms a Scottish peer into a *god*.
Oh! matchless Mallet, by one stroke to clear,
One lucky stroke, four hundred pounds a year!
Long round a Court poor Gay dependent hung,
(And yet most * trimly has the poet sung)
Twice six revolving years vain-hoping past,
And unrewarded went away at last.

to a *literary virtuoso*, renders Fingal worthy of notice. But I am afraid the North-Britons cannot easily be acquitted of national partiality; who, instead of a bonnet and thistle, which would have been no incompetent reward, have insisted on his right to a crown of *laurel*.

* He told me, once upon a day,
Trim are thy sonnets, gentle Gay.

GAY.

Again dame Prudence checks the madd'ning
strain,

And thus advises, wisely, though in vain:

“ Ah, Spur! enlisted in a luckless cause,

“ Who, self despising, seeks for vain applause,

“ Thy will how stubborn, and thy wit how small,

“ To think a Muse can ever thrive on *gall*!

“ Then timely throw thy venom'd shafts aside,

“ Chuse out some fool blown up with pow'r and

“ pride.—

“ Be flattery thy *arrow*, this thy *butt*,

“ And praise the *devil* for his cloven foot.”

The counsel's good ;—but how shall I subscribe,
Who scorn to flatter and detest a bribe?

* * * * *

In voice most weak, in sentiment most strong,
Like Milton murder'd in an *eunuch's* song,
With honesty no malice e'er cou'd shame,
With prejudices hunger ne'er could tame,
With judgement sometimes warp'd, but oft refin'd,
Next Cleland came—the champion of mankind!
Who views, contented with his little state,
Wealth squander'd by the partial hand of fate.
And, whilst dull rogues the joys of life partake,
Lives, a great patriot—on a *mutton steak*!

Dreaming of genius, which he never had,
Half-wit, half-fool, half-critic, and half-mad;
Seizing,

Seizing, like Shirley, on the poet's lyre,
 With all the rage, but not one spark of fire;
 Eager for slaughter, and resolv'd to tear
 From others' brows that wreath he must not wear,
 Next Kenrick came; all-furious, and replete
 With brandy, malice, pertness, and conceit.
 Unskill'd in classic lore, through envy blind
 To all that's beauteous, learned, or refin'd,
 For faults alone behold the savage prowl,
 With reason's offal glut his rav'ning soul,
 Pleas'd with his prey, its inmost blood he drinks,
 And mumbles, paws, and turns it—till it stinks.

Ereft he stood, nor deign'd one bow to Fame,
 Then bluntly thus:—' Will Kenrick is my name.
 ' Who are these minions crowding to thy fane?
 ' Poets! 'Pshaw! scribblers, impotent and vain;
 ' The chaplet's mine—I claim it, who inherit
 ' * Dennis's rage, and Milbourne's glorious spirit.'
 Struck with amazement, Fame, who n'er had seen
 A face so brazen, and so pert a mien,
 Calmly replied, ' Vain-boaster, go thy way,
 ' And prove more furious and more dull than they.'

Then Brown appear'd—with such an air he
 mov'd,
 As shew'd him confident and self-approv'd.

* Dennis and Milbourne, two *things* called *Critics*,
 damned to immortality for being the persecutors of
 Dryden and Pope.

Poor

Poor injur'd, honour'd Pope! the bard on thee

* Has clapp'd a rusty *lock* without a *key*:

Thus, when enraptur'd, we attempt to rove

Through all the sweets of thy Pierian grove,

The gate, alas! is strongly barr'd; and all

That taste the sweets must climb the rugged wall.

Rev'rent he bow'd, and thus address the throne:

' One boon, oh! grant me, and the day's my own!

' When the shrill trumpet calls the rival train

' To scour with nimble feet the dusty plain,

' Let not the dread professor Lowth appear

' To freeze thy vot'ry's shiv'ring soul with fear,

' Tear the fine form, perhaps, of all I've writ,

' And drown me in a deluge of his wit.'

Next Vaugh'n appear'd; he smil'd, and strok'd
his chin,

And, pleas'd to think his carcass was so thin,

So moulded for the Race, while self-dubb'd worth

Beam'd from his eyes, he hemm'd—and thus
held forth:

* Alluding to the "Essay on Satire," prefixed to the second volume of Pope's Works, which the Reader of no discernment might mistake for the production of that immortal genius, unless he is lucky enough to stumble upon the title-page. It has often been a matter of astonishment, how it came there; as there is no such privilege in Mr. Pope's will, bequeathed to the editor, together with the property of his works.

' Goddess,

‘ Goddess, your slave; — ’tis true I draw the
 ‘ quill

‘ * Sometimes through *anger*, not to shew my
 ‘ skill;

‘ Yet all must own, spite of the † *Bear*’s report,

‘ There ’s obvious merit in my keen *retort* :

‘ Though Flexney (oh ! his ignorance confound !)

‘ Sells its contents to *grocers* by the pound,

‘ And, deaf to genius, and its pleas to fame,

‘ Puts it to purposes — unfit to name.

‘ Then, since no *profit* from the Muse I draw,

‘ You can’t refuse me *praise*, and so your ta — !’

The Goddess laugh’d — and who could well contain,
 To see such foplings skip around her fane ?

Next Churchill came — his face proclaim’d a
 heart,

That scorn’d to wear the smooth address of art,

Strongly mark’d out that firm unconquer’d soul,

Which nought on earth could bias or controul.

* *Facit Indignatio Versus.*] Let no one pretend to say, that even anger has not its good effects, since we owe the immortal works both of a Juvenal and a Vaughan to their being roused by a spirit of resentment.

† A name by which the late Mr. Churchill was distinguished, on account, as we suppose, of the rough manner in which he handled the gentle bards who were so unlucky as to come within reach of his *poetical paws*.

He

He bow'd—when all sneer at his want of *grace**,
 And uncouth form, ill-suited to the Race;
 While he contemptuous smil'd on all around,
 And thus address her in a † voice profound:

- ‘ Goddess, these gnatlings move not me at all,
- ‘ I come by just decrees to stand or fall.
- ‘ When first the daring bard aspires to sing,
- ‘ To check the fallies of his infant wing,
- ‘ Critics not only try (your pardon, Fame,
- ‘ To you a stranger is the *critic's* name),
- ‘ But every blockhead, who pretends to write,
- ‘ Would damp his vigour, and retard his flight.
- ‘ Critics, oh Fame! are *things* compos'd between:
- ‘ The two ingredients, *Ignorance* and *Spleen*;
- ‘ Who, like the Daw, wou'd infamously tear
- ‘ The shining plumes they see another wear,
- ‘ That, thus unfeather'd by these wretched elves,
- ‘ All may appear as naked as themselves.
- ‘ Hard is the task in such a cause t' engage
- ‘ With fools and knaves eternal war to wage,
- ‘ By fears or partial feelings unsubdu'd,
- ‘ To hurl defiance at so vast a crowd;

* *Want of grace.*] Not spiritual grace, but grace in making a bow; or, if the Reader must be let into the secret, this may refer to the cavils of the critics in general against the unharmoniousness of his numbers.

† *Voice profound.*] Mr. Churchill, as a scholar, is here supposed well acquainted with that general maxim in oratory, *Loquere ore rotundo*, which is here rendered a voice profound.

‘ To

‘ To stand the teizing of their little spleen,
 ‘ So oft to clear the witling-crowded scene;
 ‘ From vice and folly tear the foul disguise,
 ‘ And crush at once the Hydras as they rise.
 ‘ Yet on I will—unaw’d by slavish fears,
 ‘ Till gain’d the glorious point, or lost my ears.’

Next from the Temple six poetic cubs,
 With him whose humble Muse delights in *shrubs*,
 And commentator Fawkes—let Woty tell,
 Alone who sees, how much he can excel,
 Who wipes all doubts from sacred texts away,
 Clear as the skies upon a misty day;
 Bard, Critic, and Divine—with upturn’d eyes
 Dejected Virtue to the Goddess cries,

“*What ways and means for raising the supplies!*”

Awhile demurring who should move the *pleas*,
 Fawkes claim’d the right, from having ta’en
 degrees;

‘ Combin’d, dear Woty, sure we ne’er can fail,
 ‘ I’ll speak—do thou hold up the cassock’s tail.’
 He hemm’d—then haw’d—then bow’d, and thus
 began:

‘ Oh Fame! propitious view the friendly plan:
 ‘ See *Law* on *Gospel*, cast a social look,
 ‘ And Moses side with Lyttleton and Coke:
 ‘ Let not a partnership, unknown before,
 ‘ In vain for favour and the bays implore;

‘ But

- ‘ But guide thy vot’ry’s feet across the plain,
- ‘ While gentle Woty bears the fable train;
- ‘ And crown’d with conquest, amply to reward
- ‘ So mean an office in so great a bard,
- ‘ Six days in seven I’ll the wreath resign,
- ‘ Only on Sundays be its honours mine.

Rev’rent he bow’d—then Bickerstaff advanc’d,
 His *Sing-Song-Muse*, by vast success enhanc’d;
 Who, when fair Wright, destroying Reason’s
 fence,

Inveigles our applause in spite of sense,
 With Syren-voice our juster rage confounds,
 And cloaths sweet nonsense in delusive sounds,
 Pertly commends the judgement of the town,
 And arrogates the merit as his own;
 Talks of his taste! how well each air was hit!
 While *printers* and their *devils* praise his wit;
 And, wrapp’d in warm furtout of self-conceit,
 Defies the critic’s cold, and poet’s heat.

- He ey’d the rabble round, and thus began:
- ‘ Goddess! I wonder at the pride of man!
 - ‘ Fellows, whose accents never yet have hung
 - ‘ On skilful Beard’s or Brent’s harmonious tongue,
 - ‘ Dare here approach, * *who chatter like a parrot,*
 - ‘ * *But hardly know a sheep’s-head from a carrot.*
 - ‘ Whose tasteless lines ne’er grac’d a royal stage,
 - ‘ Nor charm’d a tuneful *crotchets*-loving age!

* See *Love in a Village*, an Opera.

‘ Prove

- ‘ Prove then, oh, Goddess! to my labours kind,
 ‘ And let these sons of *Dulness* lag behind,
 ‘ While * *hoity toity, whisky fisky*, I
 ‘ On ballad-wings spring forth to victory.’

So sure!—but justice stops thee in thy flight,
 And damns thy labours to eternal night.
 Brands that success which boasts no just pretence
 To genius, judgement, wit, or common sense;
 But who for taste shall dare prescribe the laws,
 Or stop the torrent of the mob’s applause?

In thought † sublim’d, next Elphinston came
 forth,

And thus harangu’d the Goddess on his worth:

- ‘ ’Tis mine, oh, Fame! full fraught with *Attic*
 lore,
 ‘ Long-lost pronunciation to restore,
 ‘ Of letters to reform each vile abuse,
 ‘ And bring the Grecian ‡ *kappa* into use.
 ‘ Tully once more his proper name shall know,
 ‘ Restor’d its ancient sound of Kikero.

* See Love in a Village.

† A favourite word of this Author. See Education, a Poem.

‡ Mr. Elphinston intends shortly to lay before the publick his reasons for giving C always the sound of the Grecian *Καππα*, which will certainly give a softness and dignity to the expressions of many other words in our language, as well as this instanced by the Author.

- ' First, from my native tongue 'tis mine t' expel
 ' The superfluities of *E* * and *L* :
 ' T' unveil the long-conceal'd recess of truth,
 ' And teach betimes to bend the pliant youth ;
 ' To point the means of proper recreation,
 ' And prove no † *whether equals emulation* :
 ' In song didactic as I move, to draw
 ' The ‡ proper rules for *study* and for *taw* ;
 ' In taste for sacred writings to refine us,
 ' And § shew the odds 'twixt Daniel and Lon-
 ' ginus ;
 ' To criticise, instruct, and prove, in metre
 ' Tully's || a perfect blockhead to St. Peter :
 ' Deign then, O Fame ! ¶ *to satisfy my lore*,
 ' Who 've wrote as mortal man ne'er wrote before,
 ' Broke through all pedant rules of mood and
 ' tense,
 ' And nobly soar'd beyond the reach of sense.'

* For where thou liv'st I live, where di'st I dy,
 Joint as we stand, unsever'd shall we ly.

Education.

Nor boasted selfish dulness social flame. Ibid.

† Some plea might urge clandestine education,
 But where's a whether like my emulation ? Ibid.

‡ Nay daign a tender smile on humble taw. Ibid.

§ Hail, Daniel ! with the captive victors three !
 How is Longinus self to them and thee ? Ibid.

|| Ne'er shall keen Tully catch a Peter's fire. Ibid.

¶ ————— satisfy her lore,

With pleasing food, but let her pant for more.

Ibid.

He bow'd:—then Arne swift bolted through
the throng,

Renown'd for all the various pow'rs of song:
Sweet as the Thracian's, whose melodious woe
Mov'd the stern Tyrant of the shades below;
Or that, by which the faithless Syren charms,
And woos the sailor shipwreck'd in her arms:
Soft as the notes which Phœbus did employ
To raise the glories of ill-fated Troy;
Or those which banish'd Reason could recall,
And bring the Devil cap'ring out of Saul.

But, not contented with his crotchet-praise,
Lo! he adventures for the poet's bays!

No more is genius rear'd in classic schools,
But falls, like Fortune, on the heads of fools:
Dull dogmas, thunder'd from the pedant's mouth,
No more shall tire the ear-belabour'd youth;
Since bards now spring without the pains of
lashing,

Like Arne and Duck, from *fiddling* and from
thrasbing.

'Oh, Fame,' he cries, 'with kind attention
'hear

'The cause why I thy candidate appear.

'Ere yet *th'* *outwitted* Guardian crawl'd to light,

* Four smother'd brats I doom'd to endless
'night;

* See the Preface to the "Guardian Outwitted."

' Abash'd, lest any thing less fair should prove
 ' Unworthy Arne, and thy maternal love.
 ' But here behold a babe, to whom belong
 ' The double gifts of eloquence and song;
 ' Who, not like other infants born or bred,
 ' Sprung forth, like Pallas, from its daddy's head.
 ' On me then, Fame, oh! let thy favours fall,
 ' And shew that Tommy Arne outwits 'em all!'

Here Fr——s rais'd his head, though last not
least,

A wanton poet, and a solemn priest;
 By turns through life each character we mark,
 A priest by day, a poet in the dark;
 Yet each at will the Proteus can forsake,
 Now politician, now commences rake;
 Nay worse—if Fame say true) panders for love,
 And acts the Merc'ry to a lustful Jove.
 Now grave he sits, and checks th' unhallow'd jest,
 Whilst his sage precepts cool each am'rous breast;
 Now strips the priest's disguise, awakes desire,
 Tells the lewd tale, and fans the dying fire:
 All poz'd, despair his character to paint,
 And wonder how the dev'l they lost the saint!

Next from the different theatres came forth
 A score at least, of self-sufficient worth;
 Each claims the chaplet, or protests his wrong,
 A prologue *this* had wrote, and *that* a song;

Forth from the crowd a general hissing flies,
 To see such triflers arrogate the prize;
 But fully bent this day the Goddess came,
 To hear with patience every coxcomb's claim.

Here endless groups on groups from ev'ry street,
 Popes, Shakespears, Johnsons — in their own
 conceit,

With hopes elate advance, and ardour keen,
 Whom not one Muse had ever heard or seen;
 Who still write on, though hooted and disgrac'd,
 And damn the publick for their want of taste.

Oh, Vanity! whose far-extended sway
 Nations confess, and potentates obey,
 How vast thy reign!—Say, where, oh! where's
 the man

His own defects who boldly dares to scan,
 Just to himself?—Ev'n now, whilst I incline
 To paint the vot'ries kneeling at thy shrine,
 Whilst others follies freely I impart,
 Thy power resistless flutters round my heart,
 Prompts me this common weakness to disclose,
 (* Myself the very coxcomb I expose).

* A very ingenuous declaration it must be acknowledged; and I dare venture to pronounce our Author the first who ever made it, and in all probability the last who ever will.—The ancients all run into the contrary extreme. See Horace, Virgil, Ovid, Lucan, &c. &c.

And, ah! too partial to my lays and me!
 My kind—yet cruel friends—soon shall you see
 The *Culprit-muse*, whose idle sportive vein
 No views can bias, and no fears restrain,
 (Thus female-thieves, though threaten'd with
 disgrace,

Must still be fing'ring dear forbidden *lace*),
 Dragg'd without mercy to that awful bar
 Where Spleen with Genius holds eternal war;
 And there, her final ruin to fulfil,
 Condemn'd by *butchers*, pre-resolv'd to kill,
 In vain her youth shall for compassion plead,
 Ev'n for a *syllable* the wretch shall bleed,
 And, 'spite of all the friendship you can shew,
 Be made a public spectacle of woe.
 But hold, though sentenc'd—manners! and be
 mute—

Derrick appears to move his *kingly* suit.

' Goddess, I come not here for fame to vie,
 ' (A master of the ceremonies I).
 ' Since re-inthron'd at Bath I now appear,
 ' This day appoint me to that station here;
 ' In nicest order, I'll conduct the whole,
 ' All riot and indecency controul,
 ' For know, this pigmy * frame contains a
 ' mighty soul!'

* *Ingentes animos exercent in corpore parvo.* Virgil.

'Nay, let me urge a more important claim,
 'Twas I first gave the strumpet's * list to fame,
 Their age, size, qualities, if brown or fair,
 Whose breath was sweetest, whose the brightest
 ' hair,
 Display'd each various dimple, smile, and frown,
 Pimp-generalissimo to all the town!
 From this what vast advantages accrue!
 Thus each may chuse the maid of partial hue;
 Know to whose bed he has the best pretensions,
 And buy the Venus of his own *dimensions*.
 ' Nor yet a stranger to the tuneful Nine,
 Songs, prologues, and meand'ring odes are
 ' mine;
 Such *jeu d'esprit*, as best becomes a king,
 And gentle epigrams—without a sting;
 The fam'd Domitian still before my eyes,
 Who ne'er for pastime murder'd aught but flies;
 Nay—let my Muse boast gentler sport than he,
 Since fly or gnat was never hurt by me,
 By me, though seated in monarchical state,
 And, spite of Harrington, whose will is fate.
 Here rais'd the little *Monarch* on his toe,
 And smil'd contempt on printers' boys below.

He spoke.—The Goddess thus reply'd—" My
 " son,

" 'Tis time the business of the day were done;

* A most infamous pamphlet, entituled, "Harris's List."

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"'Tis time the business of the day were done;

*A most infamous pamphlet, entitled, "Harris's List."

" Enjoy what thou demand'st—up yonder tree

" Climb expeditious, that the crowd may see;

" This flag, the signal to begin, hang out,

" And quell the tumult of the rabble rout.

" But stay—methinks, while round the field I

" gaze,

" Amid the various claimants for the bays,

" One fav'rite bard escapes my notice—say,

" My dear Melpomene, on such a day,

" Why is not thy beloved Shenstone here?"

The Muse was silent—fobb'd—and dropp'd a
tear.

And now the trumpet's sound, by Fame's com-
mand,

Proclaims the hour of starting is at hand.

Now round the goal the various heroes press,

While hope and fear alternately possess

Each anxious breast! in order here they rise,

And panting stand impatient for the prize:

Scarce can they wait till Derrick takes his place,

And waves the flag, as signal for the Race.

But, lo!—a crowd upon the plain appear,

With Descaizeau slow-pacing in the rear!

Mason and Thompson, Ogilvy and Hayes,

And he whose hand has pluck'd a sprig of bays

* On Rhætia's barren hills—onward they move;

But now too late their various pow'rs to prove,

* See the Traveller, a Poem.

Some future day may fair occasion yield
 To weigh their sev'ral merits in the field:
 For see! the bards, with expectation rise,
 Stand stript, and ready for the glorious strife;
 And monarch Derrick would attempt in vain
 Their furious ardour longer to restrain.

The flag display'd, promiscuous forth they
 bound,

* And shake with clatt'ring feet the powder'd
 ground;

Equal in flight there *two* dispute the race,
 With envious strife, and measure pace for pace.

Straight all is uproar and tumultuous din;

This tumbles down, another breaks his shin;

That † swears his puffing neighbour stinks of
gin.

Each jostles each, a wrangling, madding train,
 While loud, *To Order*, Derrick calls in vain.

* Left some malevolent critic, reviewing critic, or
 critical Reader (as all Readers, now-a-days, are critics),
 should tax the Author with plagiarism, he thinks
 it prudent to enter his caveat, by declaring he had that
 famous line of Virgil in his eye,

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum,
 with this difference, that his animals have four feet,
 and these but two.

† *Stinks of gin.*] Many of our Readers cannot but
 remember, in a late literary quarrel, how the Authors
 attacked one another for frequenting brothels, smoak-
 ing, and dram-drinking; to which this circumstance
 alludes.

Stuck

Stuck fast in mire here some desponding lay,
 And, grinning, yield the glories of the day.
 For, maugre all primeval bards have sung,
 Steep is the road to Fame, and clogg'd with dung.

Borne on the wings of Hope now Murphy flies,
 Vain hope! for Fate the wish'd-for boon denies;
 Arriv'd, where scavengers, the night before,
 Had left their gleanings from the *common shore*,
 With head retorted, as he fearful spy'd
 The giant Churchill thund'ring at his side,
 Sudden he tript, and, piteous to tell!
 Prone in the filth the hapless poet fell *.

'Distant'd, by G—I' roars out a rustic 'squire,
 'He must *give out*, thus sours'd in dung and
 'mire.'

Lord M— replies, 'I'll hold you fix to ten,
 'Spite of the t—d, he'll rise and run again.'

A burst of laughter echoes all around,
 While, sputt'ring dirt, and scrabbling from the
 ground,

* *Hapless poet fell.*] The very same misfortune happens to Orlean Ajax, in the Iliad, who also makes a speech to the same effect:

Accursed Fate, the conquest I forego,
 A mortal I, a goddess was my foe!
 She urg'd her fav'rite on the rapid way;
 And Pallas, not Ulysses, won the day.

A noble precedent, and sufficient for authorizing so low an incident in this poem.

'Cease,

‘ Cease, fools, your mirth, nor sneer at my disgrace ;

‘ This cursed *bag*, not Churchill, won the race ;

‘ And sure, who such disasters can foresee,

‘ Must be a greater Conjuror than me.’

While Churchill, careless, triumphs in his fall,
Up to the gulph his jaded rivals crawl ;

Here some the watchful harpies on the shore

Plunge in—ah ! destin’d to return no more !—

While others wond’ring, view them as they sink,

And scar’d, stand quiv’ring on the dreadful brink.

Now rous’d the Hero by the trumpet’s sound,

Turns from his rueful foe, and stares around ;

No bard he views behind—but all have past

Him, heedless of their flight, and now the last.

Stung at the thought with double force he springs,

Rage gives him strength, and emulation wings :

The ground regain’d—‘ Stand clear,’ he sternly
said,

‘ Who bars my passage, horror on his head !’

Unhappy Dapper ! doom’d to meet thy fate,

Why heard’st thou not the menace ere too late !

Fir’d with disdain, he spurn’d the witling’s breech,

And headlong hurl’d him in Oblivion’s ditch ;

Then instant bounding high with all his main,

O’erleap’d its utmost bounds, and scour’d along
the plain.

Sour

Sour critics, frowning, view'd him as he fled;
Spite bit her nails, and Dulness scratch'd her head.
The gulph once past, no obstacle remains,
Smooth is the path, 'midst flow'r-enamel'd plains;
Unrival'd now, with joyful speed he flies,
Performs the destin'd race, and claims the prize.
Fame gives the chaplet, while the tuneful Nine
Th' acknowledg'd victor hail in notes divine.

Smollet stood grumbling by the fatal ditch;
Hill call'd the Goddesses whore, and Jones a bitch;
Each curs'd the partial judgement of the day,
And, greatly disappointed, sneak'd away.



CON-

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E N D O F V O L. II.

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